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1,653 SOULS LOST IN SINKING OF THE WHITE STAR LINER, TITANIC

World's Largest Ship Goes Down on Her Maiden Voyage.

705 RESCUED AND ON THE CARPATHIA

Many Notable Persons Are Among The Missing.

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN SAVED

Men Who Man the Life Boats Also Survive—Many Survivors Ill From Exposure—They Will Arrive In New York Late To night—Titanic Struck Submerged Iceberg Sunday Night and Sunk In Four Hours.

New York, April 18, 2:30 a. m.—Information up to this time as to the number of persons on board the Carpathia is still confusing, but, assuming that the latest figure received by wireless from the Carpathia—705—is correct and, assuming further that the total number of persons on board the Titanic at the time of the accident was 2358, as reported from London, the death toll reaches the appalling figure of 1,653

The Carpathia was estimated to be about 320 miles off quarantine at 2 o'clock this (Thursday) morning. She will hardly reach New York before late Thursday night.

The White Star liner, Titanic the worlds greatest steamship went down early Monday morning April 15, 1912, some 500 miles off Cape Race, carrying with her according to the nearest estimate that is obtainable, 1,653 persons

It is stated that the total number of persons aboard the Titanic was 2,358, comprising 1,468 passengers and a crew of 890, and that 705 of these were picked up from the life boats and taken aboard the Carpathia

This is the greatest catastrophe that has ever occurred in maritime history

The Titanic carried the most notable list of passengers ever borne across the Atlantic by one vessel Home-coming American tourists arranged their sailings weeks ago so as to ride the new wonder of the seas on her maiden voyage

Monday's dispatches state that the Titanic went down at 2:20 o'clock that morning The delay in the transmission of the news is attributed to the fact that all dispatches have been subject to difficult relays.

A Head-On Crash.

The collision of the Titanic with an iceberg is now known to have been a head-on crash that occurred while the liner was proceeding at little less than her best speed. She was a day ahead of her schedule and it is considered probable than an attempt to make a record breaking voyage was the hope of her crew when she entered the ice field

Her forward plates were completely wrecked a gaping wound opening below her water line and letting the water into her forward compartments.

In the meantime the lifeboats were manned and into them were placed as many of the women and children as they could hold The boats were put off while there was yet some hope of holding the Titanic afloat until her wireless messages could bring help.

Later and more comprehensive reports tell of the bravery of the men passengers There was a minimum of disorder. John Jacob Astor, who with his bride was returning from their long honeymoon abroad, saw his bride placed in a lifeboat and safely away. Colonel Astor was drowned.

The Life Boats.

The work of getting the lifeboats away, the work of allaying the fears of the great crowd of passengers as much as possible, the work of keeping the pumps in operation and the engines throbbing, these tasks and countless others were directed by Captain Smith, the venerable commander of the Titanic and before her advent the commander of the Olympic who displayed almost superhuman power of mind and body as the world's most horrible sea disaster crowned his long and honorable career on the high seas.

A wireless message from the Virginian states that the occupants of the small boats which she picked up have been transferred to the Carpathia which is proceeding to New York.

The Titanic struck the iceberg at 10 25 Sunday night and foundered at 2 20 Monday morning At daybreak the Carpathia arrived on the scene and her passengers and crew beheld the small boats with their precious human cargoes and a dismal scene of wreckage

"Sinking by the head and women are being crowded into the lifeboats," were the last words that sputtered into the wireless room of the Virginian from the Titanic

The Wireless Calls.

All through the night and until her wireless station was silenced over hundreds of miles of sea, from the apparatus of the giant liner flashed the words and night S O S, the world's call of distress on the ocean Every wireless operator within range of the mammoth vessel dropped all other business to locate her Immediately clipped the two three dots three dashes and three dots to the world

The collision occurred in latitude 41 46 north and longitude 50.14 west, 1150 miles east of New York and 450 miles south of Cape Race, the most westerly point of New Foundland

Contrary to early surmises there was no fog when the vessel struck—the weather was clear and the sea was calm

Almost as soon as the Virginian picked up the distress signal it was recorded by the operator on the Olympic, the Titanic's sister ship and next to her the largest vessel afloat This was at midnight At that hour the Olympic was 220 miles from New York enroute to Southampton.

The Olympic forged ahead under full steam but wireless dispatches indicate that she reached the scene too late to be of any assistance

The Baltic—famous for her rescue of the passengers of the steamer Republic and for her Jack Binns, who sat aloft and braved death to summon help—was the next ship to pick up the brief story of the Titanic's plight She was on her way from New York to Liverpool, but turned about and put on full speed toward the Titanic's position

The Parisian, according to her messages, reached the flotilla of rescuers shortly after the Baltic.

Submerged Iceberg.

Officials of the White Star line today graphically described what happened when the vessel struck the submerged iceberg from their intimate knowledge of Captain Smith and the man they knew him to be.

When the ship struck, stopped and vibrated with the terrific pounding of her engines—engines that were powerless in a path obstructed by nature, Captain Smith's first thought was for the safety of the human lives entrusted to his care He immediately ordered all hands on deck. That all did not answer the summons, that many of those occupying forward cabins, were killed by the impact, is regarded as certain.

Then followed moments of fearful terror Halfclad men and women too frightened and stunned probably to cry out, clinging to each other and shrank from the spectacle of death before them; the gnashing of the detached floes of ice against the sides of the ship; the grinding of the steel prow of the entrapped monster as the reversed engines throbbed frantically to extricate her.

But the crew, the men, were true to the records which recommended them for service on the new leviathan, alert to the orders of their venerable commander, who stood his place on the bridge, took their places at the rails to guard against any insane attempts of passengers to escape. When it was seen that the vessel might sink the order came to lower the lifeboats There was no time to find warm wraps, no time to collect valuables.

(Continued on Page 8)

A. W. MITCHELL NOMINATED.

Former Smethport Boy Nominated for Assembly, at Erie.

Monday's Erie Dispatch has the following to say about the nomination of A W Mitchell, son of Geo W. Mitchell of this place, and a well known former resident of Smethport.

One of the bright spots in the election in the city was the election of A W Mitchell, Republican candidate for the legislature from the First city district, comprising the Fourth, Third and Sixth wards His principal opponent was former Select Councilman John S Yake, of the Third ward The third contender was Hiram Leasure, but he did not figure in the running.

"Mitchell's campaign was in the hands of former District Attorney Gifford and his victory was clear cut and decisive. He won out by nearly 150 majority.

"Yake received the Democratic nomination, defeating Dr. Nichola Gigliotti, who succeeded in getting himself well advertised during the campaign, both as a candidate for the legislature and as a Harmon delegate to the national Democratic convention"

A BUSINESS CHANGE.

Geo. W. Brennan Sells His Grocery Business to H. J. Ellsworth.

George W. Brennan of this place has sold his grocery business and stock, located in the Mason building on Main street to H J Ellsworth, of East Randolph, N. Y., who has taken possession Mr. and Mrs Ellsworth will occupy the flat over the store and the people of Smethport welcome them to our midst.

Mr. Ellsworth is a capable and energetic business man, who has had years of experience in the grocery business He informed the writer that he would increase the already good stock and will also carry a full line of green goods and fruits in season. Mr. Ellsworth has purchased a good stand and he being an experienced groceryman we predict that he will make a success here.

Mr. Brennan, who has successfully conducted this store for the past four years, has not yet decided what he will do aside from managing his farms.

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DOINGS IN CIVIL COURT.

Many Interesting Cases—Judge Prather Assisting Judge Bouton.

The April term of civil court convened in the court house on Monday afternoon with Presiding Judge Jos W. Bouton on the bench, assisted by Judge Prather of Crawford county.

Three Bradford youths named respectively Keeland, Englehaupt and Welsh, pleaded guilty to larceny charges and were allowed to go on probation for a period of two years, Captain Howe, of the Bradford police force, being the probation officer.

J C McDowell, of Pittsburgh, was fined $50 for contempt of court in ignoring a subpoena

Morris Sumner, also a youthful offender, pleaded guilty to larceny He was sentenced to the reformatory at Huntington, Pa

Arthur McCray pleaded guilty to beating a board bill and was sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment in the county jail and to pay costs

Charles Chapin, charged with larceny of skunk hides, was allowed to go on probation, G. C. Gallup of Port Allegany, being the probation officer

Lou McKenzie, of Bradford, who some time ago was arrested on a bench warrant, gave $300 bail for her appearance.

The case of Bertha Wheeler against Martha Rote, a suit for wages due, was decided in favor of the plaintiff in a verdict for $21 80.

Tessie Eastman, for use of J E. Rixford, vs. Frank Eastman, is the title of a case in which action was brought on account of a judgment note against the husband held by Mrs Eastman The husband alleges that the note is a forgery. A verdict of $696 86 in favor of the plaintiff was rendered

In the case of the Frankel Display Fixture Co vs H V. and R V. Moran the jury returned a verdict favorable to the defendants The company furnished certain clothing store fixtures for the Morans, but the latter refused to accept them because they were not what had been ordered

In the case of the Monroe Brewing company vs. P. H Davitt, a verdict for the defendant was given

Dr. McClaran, the Bradford Osteopath, will answer calls to Smethport and if necessary will make regular days there twice a week Telephone or by card 3t

Advertise in The Miner.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT SWEEPS PENNSYLVANIA IN THE PRIMARIES

He Will Have 55 District Delegates and 12 Delegates-at-Large.

PENROSE LOSES CONTROL OF STATE

Chas. E. Patton and Frank E. Baldwin Were Re-Nominated.

HOFFMAN & REDFIELD, ASSEMBLY

Benson and Finney Democratic Nominees for Assembly—Mr. Gleason Gets Democratic Nomination for Congress—Messrs. Mayo and Boose Republican and Johnson and Hagerty Democratic National Delegates—Boardman, Connolly and Larson Republican and Fitzgerald Democratic State Delegates.

Former President Col. Theodore Roosevelt fairly took Pennsylvania by storm in the primaries held last Saturday. He has 53 delegates sure to his credit and two more which probably will be for him when the Chicago convention convenes

In the state wide fight President Taft was defeated in 55 out of the 67 counties being completely snowed under in Pittsburgh and all sections of the state with the exception of Lancaster, where he secured two delegates and in Philadelphia where the Penrose organization gave him seven delegates

The coal regions went solidly for Roosevelt and this it is believed, has materially enhanced the chance for a speedy settlement between the miners and the representatives of the operators

The farmers throughout the state, the small towns and the western cities were a unit for Roosevelt. The surprise of the state was in Pittsburgh where the organization leaders would not concede a single delegate Pittsburgh gave every delegate to Roosevelt.

Politicials look upon the trimuph of Colonel Roosevelt with astonishment The supporters of the former president were without a state organization or without an organization in many of the 32 congressional districts.

The significance of the victory can be realized when it is remembered that the delegates in control of the state convention have the power to select the state chairman, and under the party rules the delegation to the national convention elects the national committeeman. At present Senator Penrose holds both positions

In Wilson's Favor.

The outcome of the Democratic primaries in this state is regarded as favorable to Governor Wilson There was no organized opposition to his candidacy. Reports so far received indicate that at least 32 of the 64 delegates elected ran as Wilson delegates. The others, while not pledged, will be largely for Wilson.

As the unit rule cannot be applied in Pennsylvania, any delegate favoring any other candidate will be entitled to a free vote in the convention.

The County Contest.

In the primary election on Saturday a light vote was polled, but results were obtained expressive of the people's will.

For delegates to the National Republican convention Messrs Mayo and Boose were successful They were candidates on a Roosevelt platform and made the contest as Progressives They will vote for Roosevelt in the Chicago convention. Other G O P candidates for delegates did not declare for any presidential aspirant and this, in the estimation of the voters, meant Taft They were snowed under Messrs Mayo and Boose received more than twice the number of votes cast for their opponents.

Messrs. Mattern and Slocum were chosen as alternate delegates to the Republican national convention They are Roosevelt men

Asher R Johnson and W A Hagerty seem to be chosen as delegates from this district to the National Democratic convention

Patton a Winner.

For Congress, Charles E. Patton was nominated to succeed himself He carried each of the four counties in the district.

Mr Gleason Democratic candidate for Congress, was nominated without opposition.

For senator, Frank E Baldwin, according to present estimates, won the nomination by from 4,000 to 5,000, in the senatorial district M. T. Stokes, who sought to displace Baldwin, put up a campaign of villification which reacted against the Coudersport editor with telling effect. The people repudiated him and his methods in a manner most effective. In Baldwin's home town of Austin, Stokes had but 10 votes. The people there believe in Baldwin

R. W. Hilton, Democratic candidate for state senator, had no opposition and was duly nominated.

For the Assembly.

Horace H Redfield and R J. Hoffman, Republicans unopposed, were nominated for the assembly.

Lyman H Finney and E R Benson, Democrats, were nominated for the assembly without opposition

For Republican state delegates Messrs Boardman Larson and Connolly were successful They are Roosevelt men

For delegate to the Democratic state convention M J. Fitzgerald was the winner.

The vote in Smethport borough was as follows

Republican—Boose, 124; Gleason, 56; Mayo, 140, Swoope, 51, Bond, 64; Mattern, 117, Slocum, 125; Boardman, 114, Colcord, 74, Connelly, 99; Garfney, 85; Larson, 113, DeHuss, 61; Patton, 106, Baldwin, 145; Stokes, 49; Hoffman, 132; Redfield, 135; Committeeman, W A Ostrander

Democratic—Barclay, 32; Hagerty, 18; Johnson, 32, Meek, 16; Devlin, 27; Fitzgerald, 27

The official count of the vote in this county was started yesterday and will not be completed before the end of the week However, in no case is the contest close enough for that to make any difference in the result.

W. H. MORRISON STRICKEN.

Had a Bad Spell in the Court House Monday But is Improving.

William H Morrison, former sheriff and now deputy sheriff of this county, suffered a stroke of what was at first supposed to be paralysis shortly after one o'clock on Monday He was sitting at his desk in the sheriff's office when he fell forward on the desk saying to Sheriff Bain that he had been stricken blind He had not been feeling well during the day and had complained of a peculiar feeling a short time before

Mr Morrison was placed on a stretcher and taken to his home on King street where he was placed in bed and given a thorough examination by Dr H L McCoy At first he feared a hemorrhage of the brain as his right side was partially paralized, but later developments have satisfied the attending physician and Dr. Hawley of Randolph, who was called in consultation, that it was an embolism, which means a stoppage of a blood vessel and is a great deal less serious.

In a conversation with Dr. McCoy yesterday he stated to the writer that Mr. Morrison was out of danger and that he would probably be out in a short time as well as ever, which will be pleasing news to his many friends in Smethport and throughout the county.

FOR SALE.

Anyone in need of anything in the line of household goods inquire of

H. C. WELLS,
Cemetery St.

1 oak bed room suit,
Leather Library furniture,
Carpets, Rugs, Stands, Stove, etc.
Also farming implements and horse, cows, carriage, harnesses, etc.
All in good condition.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

LICENSE FOR ALL HUNTERS

Draft of $1 Resident Measure Is Now Completed

MEETS APPROVAL OF FARMERS

Sportsmen's Committee Is Now Pledging Legislative Candidates All Over the State to Support of Plan to Identify Disorderly Element, Pay Bounties and Furnish Funds to Propagate Game.

Pittsburg—The committee of sportsmen appointed by organizations all over the state has completed the draft of the "Resident Hunters' License" bill, which will be introduced in the next Legislature, and copies of the measure have been forwarded to sportsmen in the various counties of the commonwealth. The bill will be submitted to legislative candidates in the various assembly and senatorial districts and the candidates asked to pledge their support for the measure, if elected as members or legislators.

In the Western end of the state most of the candidates have already been seen and pledged their support to the bill.

The committee in charge of the drafting of the bill was composed of E. E. Morse, Thomas Liggett, E. J. Taylor, Charles Painter and R. B. Bennett of Pittsburgh; E. F. Ward of Washington and F. A. James of Philadelphia, and before the last Legislature they made a strong but belated fight for the bill.

Members of the committee submitted drafts of the bill to the State Grange and other organizations of farmers and in its present form it represents a measure that is said to be satisfactory to the rural voters.

SALIENT POINTS OF THE ACT.

The charge for the license to hunt is to be $1 per year;

The farmer, his children and his tenants are not required to take out licenses to hunt on the property they own or rent;

Any resident of the state, who is a citizen of the United States, shall be eligible to secure a license;

Licenses shall be issued by the prothonotary of each county at $1, or can be issued by justices of the peace at an additional cost of 25 cents;

The penalty is $20 fine for each day of hunting without a license;

Hunters must show licenses to any peace officer, game warden, owner of lands they are traversing, or agents of the owner, on demand, and refusal to so show licenses shall be punishable by a fine of $20 for each offense;

Magistrates, aldermen and justices of the peace shall have power of summary conviction for violations of the act, subject to the usual right of appeal to the courts;

All license fees collected to go to the State Treasurer, and "to be used solely for the purpose of wild bird and game protection, and for the purchase and propagation of game, and the payment of bounties;"

The Legislature shall, by separate enactment, appropriate the money so derived to the purposes above specified.

At least 50 per cent of the total revenue, or so much of this percentage as necessary, shall be used to pay bounties.

AN ACT.

For the better protection of wild birds and game within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, requiring citizens of the United States residing within this state to procure a license before using guns for the purpose of hunting for any wild birds or animals protected by the laws of this Commonwealth; and providing penalties for the violation of its several provisions and the manner of proceeding to enforce compliance therewith, and providing for the disposition of the license fees, fines and penalties received.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: That from and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful for any person residing within this Commonwealth to hunt for wild birds or wild animals, protected by the laws of this Commonwealth, with firearms, or with a device of any kind propelling with force a leaden or metal pellet or bullet, or excepting in defense of person or property, to shoot at, or kill, or pursue with intent to take, kill or wound any of such wild birds or wild animals found within this Commonwealth, without first securing a license to do in accordance with the provisions of this act.

Section 2. Whenever the word "person" is used in this act such word shall be taken to include every person. All words or terms in this act, which refer to persons in the singular number, shall be taken to include the plural number. All words of the plural number shall include the singular number, and all words of the masculine gender shall be taken to include the feminine gender.

Section 3. For the purposes of this act any person born in the United States of America, or any person fully naturalized under the laws of the United States, or the son of any such naturalized person under the age of twenty-one years, who has been a bona fide resident of this Commonwealth for a period of thirty days next preceding his application, shall be entitled to the license herein referred to upon the further fulfillment of the requirements of this act.

Section 4. Each and every resident of this Commonwealth, such resident being a citizen of the United States, upon application made verbally or in writing to any prothonotary within the Commonwealth, and the presentation of proof that he is a citizen of the United States and a bona fide resident of this Commonwealth under the requirements of this act, and the payment to said prothonotary of one dollar, shall be entitled to what is herein designated as a "Resident Hunter's License," which shall be issued on a form prepared and supplied by the Board of Game Commissioners at the cost of the Commonwealth. Such license shall bear a description of the person applying for the same, with the date of its issue, and shall authorize the person named therein to use legal firearms, for the purpose of hunting and killing any of the wild animals or game birds protected by the laws of this Commonwealth, under the restrictions and requirements of existing laws during that year, the date of which is inscribed thereon. Said certificates shall become void upon the thirty-first day of December next following the date of issue. Provided: That it shall be lawful under the provisions of this act for any justice of the peace within this Commonwealth, who has qualified therefore by having applied to the prothonotary of the county in which he is located and having received and receipted for the necessary blanks to issue a resident hunter's license on like conditions and in like manner as prescribed for the issuance of license by any prothonotary, upon payment of twenty-five cents to said justice by the licensee, in addition to the one dollar prescribed as the cost of said license; said twenty-five cents to be retained by said justice of the peace as his fee, for the issuance of said license, and reporting the same, and remitting payment therefore to the prothonotary of the county in which said justice of the peace is located. Such report and remittance to be made and done by said justice of the peace within twenty-four hours after the issuance of said license by him. Whereupon said prothonotary shall make a record of said application for said license as though it had been issued from his office, except that he shall also note upon his record the name of the justice issuing the license. Every justice of the peace shall deliver the book or books from which he has issued licenses, together with the stubs therein properly filled and showing the name of licensee in the prothonotary of the county in which he is located, not later than the fifteenth day of January next following the year for which he has issued licenses and shall be disqualified to such licenses and shall be disqualified to issue further licenses until after he has done so.

Section 5. Any citizen of the United States, resident within this Commonwealth, who shall excepting in defense of person or property attempt, through the use of a gun or mechanical device before described in this act, to hunt for, or to take or mount or kill any of the wild birds, or animals protected by the laws of this Commonwealth, without first being possessed of a "Resident Hunters' License" lawfully issued to him in his name, shall be liable to a penalty of twenty dollars for each offense, and each day upon which said gun or device is used shall be considered a distinct and separate offense. Provided: That nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent any citizen of the United States, residing within this Commonwealth, from having guns in his house or from using such gun in defense of either person or property or from shooting at targets or at anything not protected by the laws of the Commonwealth. Provided also: That any bona fide owner of lands in this Commonwealth or the bona fide lessee of lands within the Commonwealth such person being a citizen of the United States and a resident of this Commonwealth, and the child of such owner or lessee shall, during the open season for game in the Commonwealth, have the right to hunt game upon the land so owned or leased without securing the license prescribed by this act.

Section 6. For the purpose of this act the fact that any person shall be found in possession of a gun or mechanical device of any description possessing the power to propel with force a leaden or metal bullet or pellet either in the fields, in the forest, or on the waters of this Commonwealth, shall be considered prima facie evidence that that such person is hunting, and shall further him liable to display his "Resident Hunter's License" upon demand made by any officer of this Commonwealth, whose duty it is to protect the game and wild birds of the Commonwealth, or upon demand made by any owner of lands, or the bona fide lessee of lands within this Commonwealth, or upon demand made by any employe or representative of the before named owner or lessee upon whose lands such person may be found hunting, and for failure to comply with such request such person so neglecting or refusing to display his "Resident Hunter's License" shall, upon conviction, be liable to a penalty of twenty dollars; and the fact that any person may be found upon the highways of the Commonwealth in possession of a gun and the dead body of any bird or animal protected by the laws of this Commonwealth, shall be considered prima facie evidence that such person is hunting and such person shall, upon demand made by any officer of the Commonwealth, whose duty it is to protect the wild birds or game of the State, be required to display his "Resident Hunter's License" and for refusing to do so, shall, upon conviction, be liable to a penalty of twenty dollars. Provided: That all penalties collected for violation of any of the provisions of this section shall belong to the Commonwealth.

Section 7. Each and every prothonotary of this Commonwealth shall keep in a book to be supplied by the Board of Game Commissioners at the cost of the Commonwealth, a correct and complete record of all "Resident Hunter's Licenses" issued by him. Such book shall be in the form of an alphabetical index and it shall be the duty of each prothonotary to have entered therein at the close of each week, the name and place of residence of each individual to whom a license shall have been issued during that week; and this said index shall be open at any reasonable hour to the inspection of any officer of the Commonwealth, whose duty it is by law to protect the wild birds and game of the Commonwealth.

Section 8. Said prothonotaries are hereby authorized to retain for service rendered the sum of fifteen cents from the amount paid by each licensee, which amount shall be full compensation for services rendered by him in each case under the provisions of this act, and shall remit all balances arising from this source at least once a month to the State Treasurer for the use of the Commonwealth. Each prothonotary shall make his return to the State Treasurer upon a form to be supplied by the Board of Game Commissioners at the cost of the Commonwealth and shall in every instance forward a duplicate of such report to the Secretary of the Game Commission at Harrisburg.

Section 9. Any officer of the Commonwealth, whose duty it is to protect the wild birds or game of the Commonwealth, or to preserve the peace of the Commonwealth, shall have the right to arrest without warrant any person caught in the act of violating any provision of this act, or in a pursuit immediately following such violation, and to seize all guns, shooting paraphernalia, dogs, boats, decoys, or other appliances, used in violation of any provision of this act, also all wild birds or animals, game or otherwise, found either in possession or under immediate control of the suspected person, within this Commonwealth. All birds and animals or parts thereof not classed as game in this Commonwealth thus seized shall be held subject to the order of the Board of Game Commissioners. All guns, boats, decoys, dogs, game and shooting paraphernalia, seized when such arrest is made, shall be held subject to the determination of the proceedings instituted, and where the party accused is convicted, all game seized shall be forfeited to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and as soon as may be, shall be forwarded to the most convenient hospital for the use of the sick or injured therein. All guns, boats, decoys, dogs and shooting paraphernalia of every description thus seized shall be held subject to the payment of the penalty imposed and the costs of prosecution, and unless security be given, as required by section thirteen of this act, all such seized guns, dogs, boats, decoys and shooting paraphernalia shall be sold at public auction after advertising the same for five days by at least five public handbills, conspicuously posted in the city, borough or township, wherein the conviction was secured. Any fund thus arising shall be applied: First, to the payment of costs of prosecution; then to the payment of the penalty imposed; and the remainder, if any, shall be returned to the owner of the property seized. Where game, dogs, boats, decoys or shooting paraphernalia of any description shall be seized and the owners thereof escape arrest, and refuse to present themselves and make claim to said property, all such game, after the lapse of three days after the seizure, shall be declared forfeited to the Commonwealth, and shall be sent to the most convenient hospital for the purposes before indicated in this section. All guns, dogs, boats, decoys and other shooting paraphernalia thus seized shall be held for a period of ten days, after which time if the owner thereof fails to appear and defend himself against the charges made, such property of all description shall be sold in the manner prescribed for the sale of seized property after conviction, and the fund arising from such sale be applied as in the case of the sale after conviction. Provided: That the fact that imprisonment is suffered by any person convicted of violating any provision of this act, shall not prevent the sale of guns, dogs, boats, decoys or shooting paraphernalia of any description, held as the property of the imprisoned party, and the application of the fund thus realized to the payment of the costs and the penalty imposed.

Section 10. Each and every person resisting arrest for violation of any of the provisions of this act, or refusing to go with an officer after an arrest has been made, or interfering with an officer of this Commonwealth in the performance of his duty under the provisions of this act, shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars, which penalty, when collected, shall be applied as are other penalties under the provisions of this act.

Section 11. Each and every magistrate, justice of the peace and alderman within this Commonwealth shall have the power of summary conviction in matters pertaining to violations of any of the provisions of this act. All sections for violations of any of the provisions of this act, except-ing where the defendant is taken in the act of violating the law, or in a pursuit immediately following such violation, shall be commenced by affidavit made within one year after the date of such violation, and any magistrate, alderman or justice of the peace of this Commonwealth, on complaint made before him by affidavit of one or more persons, of a violation of any of the provisions of this act by any person, is hereby authorized and required to issue his warrant under his hand and seal directed to any constable, police officer, game protector or any other officer of the Commonwealth, whose duty it is to protect the game and wild birds of the Commonwealth, and cause such person to be brought before him, such magistrate, alderman or justice of the peace who shall hear the evidence and determine the guilt or innocence of the person accused, and, if such person be convicted of the offense charged, he shall be sentenced to pay the full penalty prescribed by the section claimed to gether with the costs of prosecution. All penalties thus recovered, in cases where the prosecutor is a salaried officer of the Commonwealth, shall be immediately surrendered by the court receiving the same to the prosecutor, who in turn, as soon as may be, shall forward or deliver, such amount in full to the secretary of the Board of Game Commissioners at Harrisburg. Where any other than a salaried officer of the Commonwealth is the prosecutor, one-half of any penalty thus collected shall, except as provided for in section five of this act, belong to such prosecutor and shall be paid to him by the court receiving the same, and the remaining one-half shall be as soon as the case is fully determined before him, forwarded by such magistrate, alderman or justice of the peace to the secretary of the Board of Game Commissioners at Harrisburg, together with a statement of the cause for which such money shall have been collected, the cost of which statement is hereby fixed at fifty cents, and made a part of the costs of prosecution, and it shall be the duty of said secretary of the Board of Game Commissioners to at least once a week, make returns of moneys thus collected to the State Treasurer for the use of the Commonwealth. Each and every defendant, convicted on appeal before any court of quarter sessions of this Commonwealth, shall be sentenced to pay the penalty imposed by the section of this act violated or to undergo imprisonment in the common jail of the county for one day for each dollar of penalty imposed. Provided: That any person charged with violating any provisions of this act may sign an acknowledgment of the offense committed and pay to any duly appointed and commissioned game protector, deputy or specially deputized game protector the penalty in this act fixed by this act, together with the costs accruing to that date, and the printed receipt therefor, which shall, in every instance, bear the imprint of the seal of the Game Commission of Pennsylvania and the signature of its secretary, shall be evidence of full satisfaction of the offense committed.

Section 12. Whenever, because of the violation of any of the requirements of this act, any person shall be convicted for a first offense and a penalty be imposed and the defendant shall neglect or refuse to at once pay said amount together with the costs of prosecution in lawful money of the United States, he shall be committed to the common jail of the county in which the conviction is secured for a period of one day for each dollar of penalty imposed, unless he shall enter into good and sufficient recognizance to either pay said penalty and costs within a period of ten days after the date of said conviction, or to certiorari the proceedings under the forms of law, or to carry the case to a higher court in appeal, as provided for by the laws of this Commonwealth relating to summary convictions. For the second, or any additional offense after the first offense, the defendant shall, in addition to the penalty prescribed for the first offense, suffer an imprisonment of one day in jail for each dollar of penalty imposed. Provided: That in every case of a conviction for violation of any of the provisions of this act, where the defendant suffers imprisonment in lieu of a cash payment of the penalty imposed, or fails to pay the costs of prosecution; all traps, guns, boats, decoys, shooting paraphernalia or other appliances, used in the violation of the law and found in his possession at the time of arrest, or proven to have been used in violation of law, shall be and they are hereby declared forfeited to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and shall be either destroyed or sold as the Board of Game Commissioners may consider best, and the money secured through such sale shall be applied by said Board: First, to the payment of the costs incurred, and the remainder, if any, be deposited with the State Treasurer for the use of the Commonwealth: the defendant in the case of the first offense only to being entitled for the first offense only to the credit of one day off his imprisonment for each dollar so deposited with the State Treasurer.

Section 13. All license fees collected under the provisions of this act and all fines and penalties belonging to the Commonwealth imposed and collected for violation of any of its provisions shall be paid to the State Treasurer as hereinbefore designated to be used solely for the purpose of wild bird and game protection and for the purchase and propagation of game under the supervision of the Game Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the payment of bounties under the provisions of law.

The several purposes to which the fund so received by the State Treasurer shall be applied to be clearly designated by an act of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, either in the general appropriation act, or by separate appropriation for the payment of bounties.

It being specifically provided that fifty per centum of any fund returned to the State Treasurer, through or because of the provisions of this act, or so much of said fifty per centum as may be needed, shall be applied by the Legislature at its biennial sessions to the payment of bounties, at the rate of one dollar for each weasel killed, one dollar for each mink killed, two dollars for each fox killed and four dollars for each wild cat killed, and such bounty upon other animals or birds as may hereafter have a bounty placed upon them by the Legislature of the State, such bounties to be paid upon proof of such killing as is now provided by law of this Commonwealth.

Section 14. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

The Dark Ages.

The dark ages nearly coincide in time with the middle ages, which intervened between classical antiquity and modern times. They refer to the period of intellectual darkness from the decline of classical learning after the establishment of the barbarians in Europe in the fifth century till renaissance in the sixteenth century.

The Old Man Was Willing.

He—I told your father I could not live without you. She—And what did he say? He—Oh, he offered to pay my funeral expenses.—Boston Transcript.

Beware of the man who offers you advice at the expense of a mutual friend.

Sailing Is So Interesting.

The lady was reading a nautical novel. She struggled along bravely for a few minutes, but finally had to appeal to her husband.

"Gerald," she said, "the author says that the boat was sailing 'wing and wing.' What does that mean? I've been on a yacht, but I never heard that before."

"That means," answered Gerald, rejoicing in the fact that he, too, had spent several hours on a sailing vessel—"that means that the schooner had her mains'l out to port and her fores'l out to starboard, or vice versa."

"Oh, I see!" cried the lady. "It's just like a chicken—a wing on each side. And now I understand why they call those little sails in the middle 'jibs.' It's short for 'giblets,' of course. Isn't sailing interesting?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I'm afraid," said the critical friend, "that you will never be able to make anything out of Miss Screecher's voice."

"That's all you know about it," retorted the vocal instructor. "Why, I've made over $200 out of it already."—Chicago News.

In Old Bill's Camp

By Marjorie W. Merritt

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Old Bill's camp nestled down on the edge of a lake in the heart of the Maine woods. It was built of logs and had been, originally, a lumbermen's camp. After all the desirable timber had been cut and the camp abandoned, Old Bill had found it and made application to its owners for it. Being granted permission to live in it, he had taken up his solitary abode in the woods, and for five years, winter and summer, he had lived within the small log house.

Old Bill was a guide and in his younger days no guide of the Maine woods had been more popular. He was full six feet in height and he knew the woods and trails, the lakes and mountains like a book. Then there had come a time when he could no longer tramp from morning till night with young, enthusiastic fishermen or hunters, and carry their packs and cook their meals. But when that time came he found that he could not leave the woods. He loved them—every foot of them—whether they were strewn with fragrant pine needles or carpeted with the snows of winter.

The old guide had a small pension from the United States. He had served his time in the civil war and this monthly sum, small though it was, was sufficient for his wants, together with what he was able to find for his table in the woods and lakes. In summer he lived off fish and the berries that grew wild all about his camp. In winter, he fared well; venison and game were plentiful.

It was December—early December—but the winter was well under way in the north of Maine. Old Bill sat by the stove in his cook house, reading a six months' old magazine, when he heard the unfamiliar jingle of sleighbells on the crisp air.

He took his feet from the stove and stood upright, listening. The jingling sounds came closer. Some one had

Stood Upright Listening.

found the way to the isolated log camp and Bill made haste to throw on his great fur coat and step out of doors.

In the distance, picking their way slowly between the bows that marked the trail across the frozen lake, came two horses drawing a sled. The road was well marked by the green branches Old Bill himself had helped to place in the ice, but a heavy snow of the night before had made sleighing heavy. Old Bill closed the cabin door and walked through the narrow footpath to the foot of the lake. He had a few friends in the village, six miles away, but he little thought of their coming on a day like this.

"Hello Bill!" came across the cold air to him.

Bill waved his great hand. As yet he could see nothing but the sled and some muffled creatures within.

"We've got a surprise for you, Old Bill," said one of the men as the sled drew up.

"You sure have," replied the guide, helping to hold the horses while four persons crawled out from beneath the fur rugs and stepped into the deep snow. "You sure have! I haven't seen a living soul for three weeks—nor used my voice for as long. Put the horses up in the shed and blanket them well. Have you got feed?"

Frank Allen, for it was he, attended to the animals and then made his way with the others to the warm little cook shanty of the camp.

"Now, Old Bill," he began, putting his arm on a little figure all wrapped in a great coat, fur cap, veil and mittens, "here is the surprise!" He took off the heavy garments and a lovely girl stood before him. "This, Old Bill, is your granddaughter, Isabel Rogers—from Omaha, Nebraska."

Old Bill rubbed his eyes—he did not wear glasses. Not—not my daughter Belle's girl?" he cried, looking closely at her.

The girl nodded. "Yes, grandfather, you daughter Belle was my mother," she said.

The old man put out a hand that trembled. "I—I have not heard from her for years—not since she married that ranchman Rogers and went out west to live," he said.

The others had stepped aside, seeing the old man's emotion.

"My mother has—has gone," the girl faltered, "and it was her last request—she made me promise to find you and live with you. She was afraid of my health and she knew the cold mountain air and the out-of-door life would be good for me. Oh, not that I'm not all right," the girl hastened to explain, "but mother was afraid after father died that I might not be strong. I wrote to you and each time my letters were returned from the postoffice in Greenville, so I determined to come and find you. Mr. Allen took me into his home when I arrived and promised to find you for me. He says he has known you for years, grandfather."

The old guide nodded repeatedly as if just coming to a realization of what had taken place. His own grandchild had come to live with him—his daughter Belle's child! It seemed incredible but there she stood, a living proof of the truth—for Isabel was like her dead mother.

"Well, well, let's get some supper and celebrate," the old guide began, turning to the others. His heart was too full for further words with the girl; there would be time enough for that.

Frank Allen rubbed his hands together in front of the stove. "In that basket there is enough plain food for a week and with the aid of your venison, Old Bill, I guess we'll make out. These boys are starved and I promised them if they'd drive us out here they should have such a dinner as they've never had in camp before."

Old Bill's eyes twinkled. "I'll show them some venison steaks that will make your word good to them and I'll make some of Old Bill's corn bread," the guide added, laughing, as he went about the cook shack getting down pots and pans. "Isabel, you'll have to stay right here till I get a fire made in the little camp out yonder. If you will stay, that's your home from this minute."

Isabel looked out of the tiny window at the adjoining cabin of logs. It was piled high with snow banks—to keep out the cold, they told her. If a little shudder passed through her at the thought of sleeping out there she did not give evidence of it. She was brave and she had promised her mother.

Old Bill's camp rang with merriment that night as the five sat around the red-covered table and ate of the guide's cooking and welcomed to the camp the pretty western granddaughter.

The visitors were not long on their way the next morning before Isabel and her grandfather were out making footpaths in the snow and exploring. The girl took readily to the cold weather and helped to make her little cabin comfortable. The guide had made a great fire for her in the stove and she had unpacked the few homelike things she had brought with her.

"Do many hunters come this way?" asked the girl, hearing shots in the woods far off.

"Yes — plenty," replied the guide. "It is a good season for deer."

And even as they sat at supper that night they heard a knock at the cook room door.

"Come in!" roared Old Bill, without rising. This was the hospitality of the woods.

A lone man, blue and cold and tired, flung open the great door. He sank into a chair, exhausted.

Old Bill rose hastily and went to him. "Lost?" he asked, unbuttoning the man's fur coat.

"Yes—I got lost from my party this morning and have been tramping ever since. I saw your light."

"A lucky light for you, my boy," said Old Bill, in kindly tones. "Come over and have supper with me and my—grand-daughter," he said.

And after a while when the man was warmed and had become rested, he joined them.

"This often happens, Isabel, my girl," explained the old man, "so don't be surprised. I've been a refuge for many a lost hunter."

"You've been mine, indeed," added the grateful man as he drank the coffee Isabel had heated for him.

When Isabel went to her lonely little cabin that night it did not seem lonely. In all that great dense snow-covered forest she did not feel alone. Something told her that she would never feel alone again and though it was a year later that she realized just what had taken place on that night, she felt at peace with all the world, just now, and slept.

And Old Bill still has his camp, but it is enlivened during fishing and hunting season by visits from his grand-daughter and the husband he gave shelter to on one cold December night.

Race Between Clipper Ships.

The accuracy of sailing in the palmy days of the clipper ships is indicated by the statement that on a ninety-nine days race between five clipper ships in 1866 three went into port at the end of their voyage on the same tide, the Taeping beating the Ariel by only twelve minutes and the Serica by little over four hours.

The other two ships in this race, the Fiery Cross and the Taitsing, came in two days later. The Red Jacket on her first voyage went from Sandy Hook to the Rock light, Liverpool, in thirteen days one hour and the fastest British built clipper, the Melbourne, made when running her easting down 5,100 miles in seventeen days. We ought never to have lost the position we then held upon the ocean, when Donald McKay and Samuel Hall led the world in the building of fast ships. It is humiliating to think of the change that has come over mercantile marine since their day.—Army and Navy Journal.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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The Scott F. Redfield Co., 925 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all newsstands. 10c a copy.

The Keystone Country Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 18, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Teddy came back.

—Get busy and clean up your back yard.

—The maple sugar making season is over.

—Read Fry & Comes advertisement in this issue.

—Daly & Garlick have a word to say to fishermen in this issue.

—Cooked food sale at St. Luke's parish house, Saturday, April 20, at 3 o'clock. Delicious food will be on sale.

—The Pierce-Arrow Sales Company of Buffalo has another interesting advertisement in this issue of The Miner.

—Next Sunday morning the subject at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "A Time for Everything, a Time to Mourn." The evening subject will be "Without a Wedding Garment."

—Robert Lee Ray, the nine-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Ray, died on Tuesday, April 9, 1912, at 8 a. m., at the Lee Hotel, Johnston City, Tenn., the cause of the little fellow's death being whooping cough and measles. Mrs. Ray was formerly Miss Mabel Essensa of this place and her many friends here will sympathize with her in her bereavement.

—A twenty horse-power White steamer automobile owned by Hugh Grant, the well-known oil operator, caught fire while in the vicinity of Aiken on Saturday and was almost totally destroyed. The car had been operated only about two years and cost $2,500. The loss is well covered by insurance. The chauffeur reports that the machine "blew up" and that he found himself, after the explosion, over a highway fence.—Era.

—The Bon Air Vaudeville company gave its first performance in Bradford last Monday night and it was a great success. In the Era's writeup the following complimentary mention of Miss Irma Wells of Smethport will interest our readers: Miss Anna Miller, Miss Irma Wells and Mr. Lewis Emery, "In 1999," were immensely successful. The sketch, "In 1999" is from the pen of William C. DeMille, the author, who allowed its presentation on this occasion in recognition of the worthiness of the object of the entertainment.

—The trout fishing season opened on Monday and a number of our local deciples of Isaac Walton were on their favorite streams at day light, and a number of them had fairly good luck. Among the successful ones are Guy McCoy, who brought home sixty-three as the result of two days' work. Cecil Metzgar got forty on Monday; Constable Foote, 38; Lowell Wetenhall, 30; and Roy Dye, 30, and others lesser numbers. It is said that trout are unusually lively for this time of year and already the streams have been pretty well cleaned of trout of legal size. The person who makes a good catch from now on will be lucky.

Olean Times: Emery, Love & Carley have sold to W. A. Mundy and John McCrum of Bradford their oil property at Sartwell, consisting of 140 acres of oil-bearing land and 16 producing wells. The consideration is not made public. T. B. Love of this city, has bought the interest of Mrs. Hattie Carley in the above lease. Messrs. Love, Mundy and McCrum will drill several wells upon the lease within the near future, as they have fifty acres or more of undrilled territory still to work upon. They have one well now drilling. The interests purchased by Mundy and McCrum were those of Hon. Lewis Emery of Bradford, known as the Delevan Oil company.

—Realizing that the time is fast approaching when they will no longer be able, either from the scarcity of members or by age, to conduct the Memorial day exercises at the graves of departed brothers, members of the Grand Army of the Republic will perhaps decorate for the last time the graves of their comrades on May 30, Memorial Day, next. It is the intention of the different posts throughout the State to allow the Sons of Veterans to attend to this program in the future. The firing of volleys over the last resting places of the departed members will also be in charge of the Sons of Veterans, says the Wellsboro Gazette.

—Miss Anna Chelton, whose stage name when she traveled as "the fat girl" was Alma Moore, was able to leave the home of her mother on Plumer street Sunday for the first time since about a year ago, when she suffered an amputation of one of her legs at the Oil City hospital. The trip taken yesterday was to the home of her brother, W. E. Chelton, No. 577 Seneca street, where she will remain for some time. The hack that transported her was one of the strongest and widest of doors there is in the city. Miss Chelton who before she suffered an amputation and thereafter gained the record of wearing the largest artificial leg ever made, weighed 700 pounds and her long confinement indoors has resulted in her taking on more flesh. It was only by tight squeezing that she was able to force her way into and out of the vehicle, but the ovation she received during her drive, repaid her for all the discomforts. The news that she was coming had preceded her and there were persons all along the streets in the down town section who waved a cordial greeting to her, the most of them following it with a cordial salutation.—Oil City Derrick.

—Elvira Pizzani, the prettiest steerage passenger on the steamer San Giorgio was married in New York on Sunday to the young and wealthy Count Gustavo Bursotti, whom she has known just three days. The Count was a first cabin passenger on the San Giorgio and his sweetheart came over in the steerage. They first met on Tuesday when the liner was swept by a big comber. Elvira who was on deck at the time, was knocked down and Count Bursotti picked her up and took her to see the doctor. Thereafter Elvira had an attractive admirer and the proposal and acceptance followed. Elvira's father is a banana dealer in that city.

—That a person can breathe without the aid of either the nose or mouth is demonstrated by Thomas Sargent, a 25-year-old resident of Rochester, N. Y., who is in town at present. He uses a silver tube inserted in his windpipe for breathing purposes and seems to get along all right with the makeshift. Seven years ago he was operated on for goitre and the surgeon's knife severed one of the nerves controlling the "breathing apparatus." His life was saved by making an incision in the windpipe and by this method he was able to breathe and also articulate as plainly as though he were normal. The incision has healed perfectly and he can remove the silver tube at will. His condition is such that he is unable to perform any manual labor and he makes his living by exhibiting himself before clinics and at society meetings.—Oil City Derrick.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

This Malicious and Pugnacious Little Bird Should be Destroyed.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the English sparrow is one of the worst nuisances of the country. It not only devours food that should go to poultry and other birds, but is the greatest offender in carrying San Jose scale, and it drives off other birds, destroys their eggs and kills their young. Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, says that he has seen the English sparrow in the act of committing such depredations. He relates having seen the English sparrow dropping very young and helpless fledglings from the nest.

English sparrows are now nesting around the premises, and it is desirable to let them nest in places that are readily accessible, and wait until their eggs are about ready to hatch, and then destroy the nests by gathering them and burning them. Merely to throw them down leaves a lot of good nesting material that will make it easy for the sparrows to gather in reconstructing the nests in places more difficult to reach. Where upper corners of houses project in such a way as to give the sparrow a nesting shelf, this should be covered with wire netting, as should holes in the side of a building, spaces under rafters of barns, etc.

The English sparrow should be poisoned by soaking wheat in a solution of strychnine and water, then letting it dry and then mixing it with several times its bulk of unpoisoned wheat, and putting it all on the roof of a building or at some place where poultry can not reach it. If some of the sparrows become too shy to take the poison they can be fed for some days on unpoisoned wheat, when the poisoned grain can again be substituted, and a wholesale destruction take place.

Care should be taken to avoid killing the song sparrows and other beneficial birds in mistake for the English sparrow. This has been done recently in some parts of the country.

Finds It Himself.

When a man starts to go to the bad he doesn't have to be shown the way.

Advancement of Berlin.

As Berlin develops in its education as a world city it is gradually dropping the remains of its former provincialism. In many things the change is obvious to the resident of only a decade's standing.

The modern hotel, often run on American lines, has all but supplanted the modest Gasthaus of earlier times; the street car and the elevated road and the taxi have driven out the horse omnibus, and will soon have driven the ordinary horse droschky off the streets. Provincial manner, too, are disappearing with the growth of metropolitan self-consciousness.

The once popular practice of man and wife or sweethearts walking arm in arm is now almost extinct. Formerly the Berlin maid was proud to show that she had captured a husband; but she no longer seeks to emphasize the fact.

Hated for Her Beauty.

The Maiden asked: "Can you make me beautiful?"

"For five pounds" said the Witch, "I can make you so beautiful that all the men will turn to stare at you as you pass."

The Maiden smiled disdainfully. Her experience had taught her this was not such an easy matter.

"For nine pounds," said the Witch, "I can make you so beautiful that the photographer will copyright your pictures."

Still the Maiden, unsatisfied, shook her head.

"For fifteen pounds—and only one at the price," said the Witch—"I can make you so beautiful that you will not have a woman friend in all the world!"

"Ah," cried the Maiden, rapturously, "that will be beauty indeed!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Turkey Trust.

Capt. Sol. Jacobs of Gloucester, who is known as the "Mackerel King," said at a recent fish dinner:

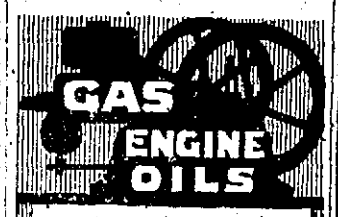
"The successful fisherman is the man who can take advantage even of adverse things—head winds, storms, blizzards, and so on.

"In a word, the successful fisherman is like the little boy who entered the poulterer's shop and said:

"'Is it true that there's a turkey trust, sir?'

"'Yes, my boy, I am sorry to say it is true there is a turkey trust,' the poulterer replied.

"'Then, sir,' the little fellow went on, 'ma says will you please trust her for a plump young turkey of nine or ten pounds?'"—Los Angeles Times.



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IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer* to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *unusually low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.50 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **$4.80**

The regular retail prices of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but we introduce our tires by mail at this special price. We will send you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order) $4.55 if C. O. D.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR cost if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big tire and sundry catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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—AND—

EMBALMING

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Have More Friends than any other magazine or pattern. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

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Free—Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
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TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Grange National Bank

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Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST, PUREST AND MOST COMPLETE, PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

Loads of Eggs

A big increase in yield guaranteed. More eggs and bigger profits absolutely certain if you use Pratts Poultry Regulator. Costs you nothing if you are not satisfied. 25c, 50c, $1.00.

F. A. Green

Book on poultry and 1912 almanac FREE

DIAMOND

Birthstone of April

The Most Beautiful GEM

Invest in a Diamond Ring or Pin if you are April Born.

It is a paying investment.

Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers
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QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop,

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kuppenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

Easter will soon be here. Make your selections now while our stock is complete. We will lay aside anything you select until Easter time.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 499.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators' notices, $1.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 18, 1912.

TR in typography means transpose. T. R. tr'd the political situation in Pennsylvania somewhat last Saturday.

Manager McKinley now asks that the Roosevelt followers stop abusing President Taft. In the words of the little boy, we might ask, who but Mr. McKinley got his flats full of mud first?

The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times aptly remarks that Roosevelt did not win in Pittsburgh and Allegheny county because of the fact Boss Flinn was for him, but rather in spite of the fact.

Congressman Chas. E. Patton is renominated by a handsome majority over his opponent, Wm. T. DeHass. Both made a clean, clear cut campaign and the best known and most popular man won. Mr. Patton is in line for congratulations and The Miner heartily extends them.

"It was not a Penrose defeat, but a Roosevelt victory," says an exchange. It certainly was a Roosevelt victory. But didn't Penrose say that he would regard it as a personal defeat if Roosevelt obtained over 10 delegates in Pennsylvania? Penrose ought to know.—Bradford Era.

The popular enthusiasm aroused in Illinois and Pennsylvania for Col. Roosevelt and his policies is bound to have a far-reaching effect. It has more virility in it than any enthusiasm for any candidate that has developed thus far during the campaign. It possesses qualities that should swamp the opposition if it spreads to other states and becomes general, which from day to day, it seems to be doing.—Bradford Era.

Senator Frank E. Baldwin was nominated to succeed himself by a majority of upwards of 4000 over M. T. Stokes of Coudersport. If Mr. Stokes ever had any chance of winning out in this contest he killed it when he attacked Mr. Baldwin as he did in his paper, The Potter Enterprise. Men who had a high regard for Mr. Stokes' professed principles would not vote for a man who adopted such methods of political warfare. The Miner is more than pleased to congratulate Senator Baldwin on this occasion.

The splendid vote given Theodore Roosevelt in Pennsylvania last Saturday and in Illinois a few days previous shows conclusively who the large majority of the people want for their next President. These two states choose their delegates by the direct vote of the people and the people of these states have spoken plainly. This should be a warning to the Republican party and their delegates to the Republican National convention that cannot well go unheeded. Co. Roosevelt should be the Republican Presidential nominee in 1912.

That Hon. R. J. Hoffman of Bradford and H. H. Redfield of this place, the two Republican candidates for the Assembly, are popular with the voters of this county was demonstrated at the primaries last Saturday. They had no opposition yet nearly every Republican who voted at all was sufficiently interested in their candidacy to cast a ballot for them, thus showing that they were the choice of the people. It has been a long time since the voters of McKean county have had two better men to vote for to fill this important office and that they will be elected by a big majority seems almost a certain thing at this time.

General Frederick D. Grant, commander of the Department of the East and son of General U. S. Grant, died in New York at midnight last Thursday, the cause of his death being heart trouble. He was in his 62nd year. The deceased was a graduate of West Point and has spent his life in the army, rising step by step to the high office he held at the time of his death. In 1874 General Grant was married to Miss Ida M. Honore, daughter of Henry Hamilton Honore, and sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago. His widow and two children, Princess Cantacuzene, of Russia, and Captain Ulysses Grant, 3d, of the army, survive him. The latter is the husband of a daughter of United States Senator Elihu Root, of New York.

Some comprehensive scheme of road building by the Federal government, a scheme that will give this country a system of highways comparable with those of Europe, is likely to result from the effort the American Automobile association is now centering on Congress. The initial step toward this end is contemplated in a joint resolution introduced by Representative Underwood, of Alabama, which provides for the appointment of a committee composed of three members of the Senate and three from the House to investigate the cost of public highways. This committee will recommend as to the advisability of Congress giving aid to national good roads projects. The great need of such aid is now recognized by Congress, although information as to just how to proceed is lacking. It is probable that as soon as a definite scheme is worked out, an appropriation of at least $50,000,000 will be invested in an improved system of highways. Several influential members of the Senate, among them Senator Newlands, of Nevada, are in favor of this proposition.Ers.

Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, and probably the most widely known American woman of her day, died at her home Red Cross, in Glen Echo, Md., last Friday morning at 9 o'clock. She was 90 years old. Clara Barton might properly be called the Florence Nightingale of America. Like her British prototype her works of mercy were not confined to her native land, but were carried even into the eastern hemisphere. She will be written down in history as the founder of the Red Cross in America, but her powerful personality also made an indelible impression upon the international organization itself through her active participation in the periodical conferences at Geneva, Carlsruhe, Rome, Vienna and St. Petersburg. At these conferences Miss Barton did not hesitate to suggest radical amendments to existing rules. Backed by the weight of her extensive experience in the field in time of war and disaster, these were received with favor and generally adopted. Miss Barton was 40 years of age when she first turned her attention to the great works of humanity which have made her name famous. Her experience as a school teacher and the organizer of public school systems in New Jersey taught her methodical habits and gave her the experience in executive work which made her a commanding figure in the direction of Red Cross affairs.

The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, which has been an ardent supporter of President Taft's candidacy, in an editorial in Tuesday's edition gives an idea of the turn of the Presidential tide when it says:

The Pennsylvania primaries introduce a larger element of uncertainty in the situation with respect to the Chicago convention than has existed at any time since the preliminary canvass for national delegates began. Col. Roosevelt is more restrained in his expression of opinion as to his prospects than his chairman, Senator Dixon, and others of his partisans. The implication is that, delighted as he is with his success in various states last week, he realizes that he still has a formidable handicap to overcome. Meanwhile, Chairman McKinley of the Taft campaign committee retains confidence that the President will be renominated and presents a plausable analysis in support of the faith which is in him.

To the spectator on the side lines about the only thing certain is that the outlook is mighty uncertain. There is an unlimited field for speculative study of conditions confronting the Republican party. That the recent Roosevelt gains in primaries, when considered as an index of the colonel's strength with the people, will have an influence upon the course of Republicans in other states is not to be doubted; and it may be equally true to some extent certain delegates now ostensibly for Mr. Taft, or others who had expected to be for him, will be affected. The question is whether there are possibilities enough left to enable Col. Roosevelt to catch up. There is also another phase. Suppose Mr. Taft comes down to Chicago with a majority, and yet confronted by a minority in favor of Roosevelt (combined with the La Follette vote) which includes almost half the convention. Will it then be judicious to nominate Mr. Taft and let the Republican party take its chances? Ordinarily, in a preliminary campaign conducted in a perfectly friendly spirit, there would be no risk; but this is an extraordinary situation, in which there has been personal and factional bitterness, with many signs of tolerance on part of the "progressives."

Here, then, there occurs the suggestion of a "dark horse" in the shape of Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court as a compromise candidate upon whom both wings of the party could unite. What there is in this is problematical. Col. Roosevelt is quoted as saying there is no compromise possible, and Chairman McKinkley as declaring none will be necessary, while Mr. Taft is on record to the effect that nothing but death can take him out of the contest. "You pays your money and takes your choice!"

ULTIMATUMS TO MEXICO.

U. S. Government Takes Active Measures to Protect Americans.

Washington, April 14.—In scathing ultimatums served alike upon the federal government represented by Madero and upon the insurrectos represented by General Orozco, the United States government to-day took its first active step leading to immediate intervention in Mexico.

Calling attention to the enormous and constantly increasing destruction of American property and to the deliberate military murder of American citizens contrary to the international laws governing all civilized nations in a war that is seemingly without definite end or definite purpose, the Department of State informs the Mexican people that they will be held definitely responsible for every such barbaric act.

In its ultimatum to General Orozco the State Department calls specific attention to the fact that in spite of his formal announcement that because the United States had refused to recognize the belligerency of his party he will pay no further attention to any demands made by Consul Letcher at Chihuahua, this statement is delivered through that official and that its contents will be enforced.

Attention is called to the military murder of Thomas Fountain, an American citizen who was captured by a force under the command of General Orozco and he is informed that he will be held directly and personally responsible for all such crimes.

In the ultimatum to Madero attention is directed to the barbaric threat made by the federal general Villa that in revenge on Orozco for the murder of an American citizen captured while fighting in the federal ranks he (Villa) will promptly execute all Americans captured in the rebel ranks and he is covertly informed that Villa will carry out that threat at his own peril.

So strong is the attitude assumed by the administration in both ultimatums that the threat of immediate intervention is scarcely veiled.

The ultimatums served upon Mexico by the Department of State to-day are but the preliminary steps to a swift realization of what has long been expected.

The temper of congress at this time may be gathered from the illuminating fact that Senator Fall and Representative Currey, of New Mexico, whose state border on the Rio Grande, are to-night formulating plans to force immediate intervention in Mexico. These plans will be submitted to leaders in the Senate to-morrow.

Senator Fall has large interests in Mexico and is acquainted with many of the leading Americans in that country. Many friends of Represeniative Curry are on the south side of the Mexican border. Both men knew Fountain, the American who was executed by order of Orozco after condemnation by a drumhead court martial in the face of a vigorous protest from this government.

AN APRIL WEDDING.

Former Smethport Boy and Wellsboro Girl United in Marriage.

Merle Cooper and Miss Mary E. Wass, both of Wellsboro, were married Monday evening, April 8th, 1912, at 7 o'clock at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Delancy Wass, on Cone street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. P. Simmons, the ring service being observed.

The bride was attended by Miss Mildred Furman and Jack Skidmore acted as best man. The bride was gowned in white silk and carried pink and white carnations. The bridesmaid wore a becoming gown of mauve.

Mrs. John W. McInroy played the wedding march. Following congratulations an elegant wedding dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosper left Tuesday morning for a short wedding trip. On their return they will reside with the bride's mother. Mr. Cosper is an employe at the glass cutting shop and his bride has been employed as saleslady at the five and ten cent store.

Mrs. Cosper was a former resident of Little Marsh, where she is well-known, and Mr. Cosper is a former resident of Smethport, where his mother still resides.—Wellsboro Gazette.

The Miner unites with Mr. Cosper's many Smethport friends in wishing he and his bride a long and happily married life.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Ed Lynch was a Port Allegany visitor over Sunday.

T. F. Mullin of Bradford was a court attendant this week.

John Linn of Ormsby was a caller at this office Monday.

Fred Brennan of Kane is a Smethport visitor this week.

John P. Melvin of Bradford had business at court this week.

M. J. Gallup of Jewett was a visitor in town this week.

Dr. Robert Hamilton went to Buffalo on business Tuesday.

John E. Mullin of Kane was a business visitor at court this week.

Miss Grace Wilbur of Bradford is the guest of Mrs. T. H. Morrison.

Andrew Bush of Norwich was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Editor Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was a visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. William O'Reilly is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zook, at Bradford.

Mrs. F. A. Wooster is in Buffalo where she is receiving medical treatment.

District Attorney Thos. B. Wilson of Bradford had business at court this week.

M. N. Allen of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Assistant Postmaster R. J. Sharp of Kane has been doing jury duty this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Willis of Bradford have been attendants at court this week.

Judge Prather of Meadville, Pa., is assisting Judge Bouton in civil court this week.

Paul Apple, Frederick Specht and Edward Glavin have returned to State College.

John Brenneman left Saturday for a visit with relatives and friends at Philadelphia, Pa.

D. C. Young was in Olean on Monday to attend the funeral of the late W. H. Mandeville.

Mrs. Warenburger and daughter, Etta May, of Bradford are spending the week in town.

Mott Peters of Buffalo was in town this week attending to some business and visiting with friends.

Wallace Mann of Bradford is doing jury duty at court this week and renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer left Tuesday morning for Buffalo where they will spend a few days.

Geo. G. Hamilton of Eldred was a Smethport visitor Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

George Gerritt was called to Olean Tuesday on account of the illness of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Dunbar.

Leon Case who has been the guest of Raymond Bain, returned to his home at Bradford Monday evening.

Wm. Hagan of Hazelhurst was a visitor in town Monday and found time to make this office a pleasant call.

John Caskey of Port Allegany is a juror at court this week and is spending his spare time visiting with old friends.

George Schaffer of Austin was a Smethport visitor last week and attended the leap year dance Thursday evening.

County Treasurer C. C. Melvin was a Bradford visitor Monday evening to attend the Bon Air vaudeville entertainment.

Mrs. Chas. H. Gleason who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. S. Churchill, at Springville, N. Y., has returned home.

John Bright who was the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Stanley Bright for a week left Saturday for his home at New Castle, Pa.

Miss Mildred Lyle who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Lyle, for the past month has returned to Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor B. Bouton and son, William, returned from Buffalo Saturday, where William was operated on for adenoids.

Miss Bessie Engstrom returned home Friday evening from Olean, N. Y., where she had been the guest of Mrs. Frank Dunbar.

Mrs. George Gerritt is a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Dunbar, at Olean, who is confined to her home by illness.

Miss Ida Engstrom has returned to her home in Jamestown, N. Y., after a week's visit with relatives and friends in this place.

Miss Lillian Booth who has been the guest of Mrs. John Saulpaugh for the past week returned to her home in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Irene McCarthy who has been receiving medical treatment at Bradford for the past month returned to her home in this place Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Digel and son, Edward, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cleveland at Andover, N. Y., have returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. French and three children left yesterday for Columbus, Ohio, called there by the serious illness of Mrs. French's father, Col. Nevin.

Howard Brownell, who has been spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell, left Monday for Meadville, Pa., where he will resume his studies at Allegheny College.

Mrs. M. D. Shook and son, Bert, who with Mr. Shook went to Minneapolis, Minn., last fall have returned to this place and have taken up their residence at Mrs. L. Koenig's. Mr. Shook came home last week.

Mrs. J. A. Holder returned Monday from Port Allegany where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Studholme, for the past month. Mrs. Studholme has been very ill, but was much improved in health when her mother left.

NEW REGALS

IN SHOES AND OXFORDS

Black and Tan. --Button and Lace.

All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices

Try on a Pair.

H. W. Rubin.

THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

Having purchased the good will and grocery stock of George W. Brennan, I am prepared to supply all old customers of this store, and new ones as well, with the

Freshest and Best Groceries

Years of experience has taught me the wants of the people and I shall spare no effort to give the people of Smethport and vicinity the very best to be had in my line at prices as reasonable as good goods can be sold.

As soon as inventory is completed I shall add to the already good line of groceries and provisions in this store and I therefore invite the public to call and see my line. Yours to serve,

H. J. ELLSWORTH,
SUCCESSOR TO
GEO. W. BRENNAN,
Mason Block Smethport, Pa.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
han the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Fish With The BRISTOL STEEL ROD

A Full Line of Fishing Tackle at

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 18, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Automobilists are getting anxious.

—George Howe is seriously ill at his home in East Smethport.

—Chet Watson of Norwich is assisting Harry Haley in his barber shop.

—Attend the baseball benefit dance at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening.

—The county jail is undergoing a thorough overhauling at the hands of painters and decorators.

—Cooper Hoffman is confined to his home on Northumberland avenue by a severe attack of tonsilitis.

—Will Scott and Jack Butler were arrested last Friday and committed to jail on the charge of vagrancy.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Something new at the M. E. chapel next Friday night, "An International Carnival," beginning at 5:30. Supper 25c.

—Street Commissioner Cramsie and force of men are giving the pavement on Main street its first spring cleaning.

—All who attend the baseball benefit dance at the Smethport Lyceum next Tuesday evening are assured a good time.

—A missionary meeting will be held at the Methodist Episcopal chapel at 8:00 Monday evening. All ladies are invited.

—H. J. Ellsworth, successor to Geo. V. Brennan, has a new advertisement in this issue which should interest all our readers.

—"Excuse Me," the popular and famous farce by Rupert Hughes, will be the attraction at the Bradford theatre Friday night.

—The concrete foundation for the new fire alarm has been completed and work has been commenced on the erection of the steel tower.

—If you can't think of anything to boost, ask your neighbor what he's knocking. Maybe you can aid him. That will be nearly as good as a whole boost.

—"Kid Pink and the Maharajah" is the title of a new story in the May number of Ainslee's, written by Thomas P. Byron of Bradford.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Floyd Heath has purchased of Mrs. Mary Kerns the building which has until recently been occupied by the girls of "The Nook," and will occupy the same as a dwelling.

—Two Italian laborers were drowned and another was rescued unconscious in Jamestown on Monday. They were working in a sewer when they were overcome by sewer gas.

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church held its monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Tuesday evening. Refreshments were served.

—Misses Mate Connolly, Beulah Holder and Belva Ford entertained a number of friends at a six o'clock dinner at "The Nook" Monday evening in honor of Miss Lillian Booth of Bradford.

—A gang of carpenters are at work on the Smethport Rubber Works building remodeling it into a mailing room for The Boys' Magazine, which is constantly expanding, thus demanding more room.

—Mrs. E. B. Pratt was kindly remembered by her friends on March 30th, it being the 70th anniversary of her birth. She received over one hundred post cards from friends in nearby towns and cities.

—The baseball team of Norwich held a very successful benefit dance at that place last Friday evening. Chadwick's orchestra of this place furnished music and all in attendance had a delightful time.

—Mrs. Harry Haley was taken with a fainting spell at the Lyceum last Thursday and had to be carried to her home on Main street. Her trouble is said to be due to indigestion and she is much better at this time.

—East Smethport Union church: Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 12 m. Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening at 7 o'clock. Preaching at 8. Everybody welcome. S. R. Parrett, pastor.

—Word was received yesterday that Mrs. James McGuire, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Ruffalo, at Youngstown, Ohio, had the misfortune to fall and fracture three of her ribs. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

—The body of Charles Christy, aged four son of Mr. and Mrs. John Christy, of Grove City, was found floating in Wolf creek near Grove City on Friday by some boys who were fishing. The child went through the ice of a mill dam last February.

—W. H. Mandeville, former mayor of Olean, a well known insurance man in that city and a prominent citizen of Cattaraugus county, died at his home in Olean last Thursday night, aged 72 years. He was well known in Smethport and many friends will regret his demise.

—F. A. Shelander, who recently lost his store and contents at Marvindale by fire, has a new building erected and expects to be doing business again some time this week. Mr. Shelander's loss was a heavy one but he is no quitter. We wish him success in the future to make up for his hard luck in the past.

—A young child of Mrs. Barrett, who lives near the Smethport Glass factory was severely burned last Saturday while playing with sticks in a bonfire. The child's clothing ignited and the little fellow's leg was burned from foot to hip before it could be extinguished. Dr. Hamilton attended the sufferer and he is now getting along as well as could be expected.

—Monday morning about 9:30 one of the large 500-horsepower gas engines at the plant of the United Natural Gas Company at Lamont, Pa., exploded and when the big engine let go pieces of iron flew in all directions and it was miraculous that no one was killed or fatally injured. However, Thomas Arthur and W. A. Mahoney, employees at the plant were seriously hurt.

—The tender boys of the Herney-Bond Glass Bottle factory, about 40 in number, of this place, went out on a strike on Tuesday. These boys get from $1.00 to $1.50 per day according to age and the amount of work they have to do, with a bonus of $2.00 each per month to those who work every day the factory is running. They now ask for a raise of 25 cents per day each. The boys returned to work this morning.

—The Bon Air vaudeville entertainment given at the Olean opera house last evening was witnessed by a large and appreciative audience. This evening the show is to be put on at Ridgway and Thursday evening at Warren. Through the influence of Miss Irma Wells of Smethport, one of the stars of the company, the Bon Air management contemplates taking the show to Smethport on Friday evening, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

—A terrific explosion and fire occurred last Sunday morning at Emporium when John Keherll smelling the odor of gas while preparing his breakfast opened the cellar door to make an investigation, and at the same time struck a match. The explosion followed. Fire immediately enveloped the house. In saving his wife and children all were quite badly burned. Mr. Keherll's condition being considered serious.

—The baseball benefit dance to be given at the Smethport Lyceum next Tuesday evening should be largely attended. Every person who is a lover of the national sport should buy a ticket and help the boys along. Smethport has some good baseball timber and all we lack is proper financial support to make a good team here. The I. O. O. F. band will furnish the music for this dance and a good time is assured all who attend.

—On Saturday at the regular meeting of the Travelers' Club the program was in charge of Misses Emma Tretton, Rose Allen and Amanda Anderson. They presented the following program: Book Review, "Gunnar," Miss Tretton; The Irish National Dramatic Movement, Miss Allen; Synopsis, "The Land of Heart's Desire," Miss Anderson. Miss Zela Brastod rendered a pleasing vocal solo. Delicious refreshments were served by the committee.

—Coroner E. R. Sherman went to Port Allegany yesterday forenoon and made inquiries relating to the death of Paul Badzia, an employe of the tannery at that place who fell down the elevator shaft, a distance of about 32 feet, on Tuesday and thereby lost his life. He was running the elevator himself and was dead when other workmen rushed to his aid. He was 35 years of age and leaves a widow and four children.

—With a saw he had made by picking the blade of his pocket knife, Victor Clarke, of Olean, sawed through two bars in his cell at Little Valley, N. Y., before being discovered Saturday. He stated that he had been working on the bars for about two weeks. The boy had been sent to jail after confessing that he had robbed an Olean store. About two years ago he was detected in setting fire to P. R. R. cars at Olean and promptly confessed at that time.

—At a meeting of the Men's Civic Club held in St. Luke's parish house Tuesday evening, Socialism was discussed. Rev. J. F. Dugan opened the discussion with a very interesting paper which was followed by a general debate which was participated in by nearly all of the twenty members present. The meeting lasted nearly three hours and was unusually entertaining and instructive. The next meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, April 30, when the question "Is Unionism an Advantage to Laboring Men?"

—Rickard Randalls of Hazelhurst, a boy about 10 years of age, while playing with a number of boy companions Monday afternoon got possession of a revolver, and accidentally shot himself in the abdomen, inflicting 2 holes in the stomach and 7 in the intestines. He was brought to the Kane Summit hospital where he was operated upon at that institution at 8 o'clock last evening. His condition is very critical and but little hopes are entertained for his recovery.—Kane Republican.

—Deputy Grand Marshall Sharpe of Bradford installed the following officers in the local I. O. O. F. lodge last Friday night: N. G., Alex Cunningham; V. G., Fred Biever; W., Charles McVean; C., Earl Abbey; R. S. N. G., Chas. Lemmler; L. S. N. G., John Lindholm; C., Ralph E. Burdick; R. S. S. V. G., Burg Chadwick; L. S. S. V. G., F. L. Thornton; R. S. V. G., Chas. Provin; L. S. V. G., J. C. Wirt; inside guardian, F. P. Whalen; outside guardian, Ed. Larson; P. G. W. R. Burch. An excellent lunch was served after the installation.

—A Salamanca dispatch says: Some anxiety was felt in this village upon receipt of the news of the sinking of the Titanic owing to the fact that a sister of the Rev. T. H. Barrett, rector of St. Patrick's church here, was on the ill-fated vessel. She is Mrs. Martin Rothschild, of New York city. Tuesday Father Barrett received a message saying that his sister was among the survivors and she was aboard the Carpathia. Mr. and Mrs. Rotschild had been spending the winter at Nice, France, and were returning home on the Titanic. As to the fate of Mr. Rothschild, nothing has been learned.

—The Leap Year dance given by a number of Smethport ladies at the Lyceum last Thursday evening was one of the most successful social functions held in Smethport this season. Over one hundred couples, including a number from out of town, were in attendance and the ladies who had the exclusive choice of partners kept the members of the sterner sex busy tripping the light fantastic until four o'clock next morning. Bishop & Casey's seven-piece orchestra of Olean furnished excellent music and dainty refreshments were served by Miss Pattison. This party was such a success that the ladies will give another in the future.

—Three men were shocked by lightning Friday forenoon, during a thunder shower. R. L. Fish and his son, Willis, were driving to their home on Bennett Brook, from Bradford, when the shower started. H. M. Robbins was coming in the opposite direction and stopped for a moment to talk to the men in the wagon. A bolt of lightning descended from the clouds and struck the earth nearby. The three men were severely shocked. Willis Fish was knocked down and the back of his coat was torn by the force of the shock. His father was also jarred. Robbins was carrying an umbrella, which formed a conductor for the electricity. The shoulder upon which the umbrella rested received a painful wrench. The lightning ran along a section of fence nearby and reduced a greater portion of it to splinters. The experience was a painful and shocking one to the three Bennett Brook citizens.—Bradford Herald.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, John F. Hewitt, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him, therefore be it

Resolved, that it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was, in every way, worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, that in our sorrow for the loss of a loved brother of Valley Grange, No. 1190, we find consolation in the belief that it is well with him for whom we mourn.

Resolved, that this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of the departed brother, and also be placed upon the minutes of our order.

MRS. E. C. DAY,
EDITH MOSIER,
MRS. H. D. OTTO,
Committee.

NOTICE.

My wife, Adaline V. Carpenter, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby warn all persons not to harbor or trust her on my account, for I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

3t E. S. CARPENTER.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES

YOU MEN

WHO PREFER

QUALITY to QUANTITY

You who realize that in clothes the BEST is the cheapest, you who appreciate STYLE and superb tailoring should see the fine suits we are offering at

$12.50 to $18.00

CLOTHES OF QUALITY

are the finest popular priced clothes in the market.

High Grade but Not High Priced

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The One Price Store.

Carpets & Draperies

Your attention please to our house furnishing stock for spring.

The cleaning and renewing time is here and you'll likely need some new shades, lace curtains, portiers, rugs, linoleum, oil cloths, etc.

Our stocks are complete just now and values better than we have been able to offer in sometime—This is most noticeable in 9x12 Seamless Velvet Rugs of which we have some very choice patterns at $19.50. We think you would pronounce them bargains at $25.00. Better drop around and see the new stuff. It's worth your while.

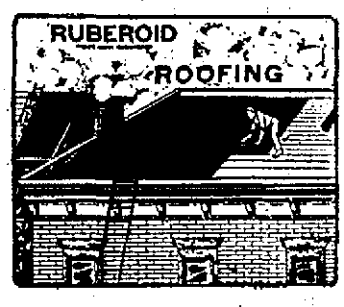
Rugs—18x27 inches to 11 ft. 3 in x 12 ft., $1.25 to $42.50
Fabric Carpets per yard..... 35c
Linoleum—Mill ends and regular piece goods ..... 45c to 60c
Window Shades—Ecru, White and Green..... 25c to 85c
Lace curtains—nottingham, irish point, brussels net, etc. 50c to $6.50
Portiers—Latest ideas in color and design ..... $2.50 to $5.50
Curtain Scrims..... 10c to 38c the yd
Cretonnes ..... 6c to 35c the yd

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

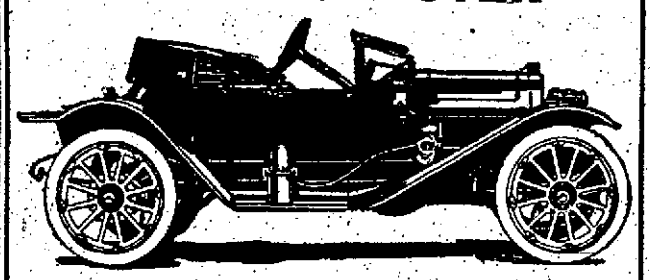
COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

E-M-F. ROADSTER



Amid the noise of much automobile advertising, we will speak quietly. We have something to say. We want men who think to listen.

Years of hinest dealing and skillful manufacture have given the name STUDEBAKER a great prestige. It stands, as does a fine man, for honor and square dealing. It has become a principle. Into every E-M-F "30" or Flanders "20" automobile built goes the reputation and integrity of that name and what it stands for.

There are no freak features in either car. Every important part in their design and manufacture is used by a big majority of the best cars built. In them you buy the sum of engineering skill, standardized.

E-M-F Roadster, Touring or Demi-Tonneau, equipped with silk mohair top, slip cover, brass bound wind shield, Stewart Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, Demountable Rims, with extra spare rim, complete, $1190.00 With Starter, $25.00 extra.

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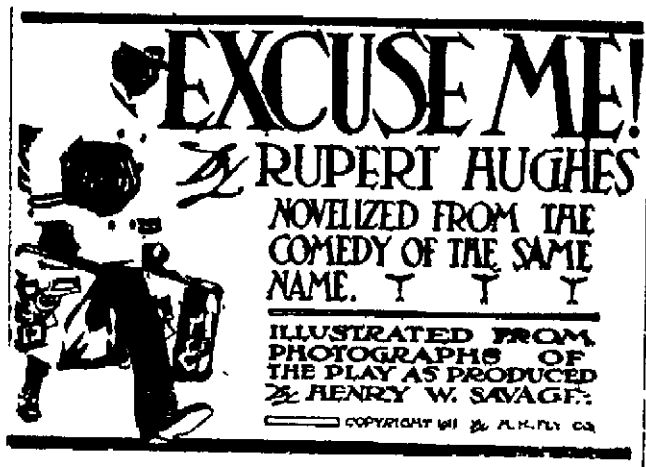
EXCUSE ME!
RUPERT HUGHES
NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME.
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Lieut Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train

CHAPTER II—Transcontinental train is taking on passengers Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Mrs Lathrop a Yankee business man

CHAPTER III—The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train

CHAPTER IV—"Little Jimmie" Wellington bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition Later Mrs Jimmie appears

CHAPTER VI.

A Conspiracy in Satin.

The tall man emptied one hand of its suitcase to clasp the hand the newcomer granted him. He held it fast as he exclaimed "Don't tell me that you are bound for Reno!" She whimpered "I'm afraid so, Mr. Ashton."

He put down everything to take her other hand, and tuned his voice to condolence 'Why, I thought you and Sam Whitcomb were—"

"Oh, we were until that shameless Mrs Wellington—"

"Mrs Wellington? Don't believe I know her '

"I thought everybody had heard of Mrs Jimmie Wellington"

'Mrs Jimmie—oh, yes, I've heard of her' Everybody seemed to have heard of Mrs Jimmie Wellington

"What a dance she has led her poor husband!' Mrs Whitcomb said And my poor Sammy fell into her trap, too"

Ashton zealous comforter, took a wrathful tone I always thought your husband was the most unmilitated—' But Mrs Whitcomb bridled at once 'How dare you criticize Sammy! He's the nicest boy in the world"

Ashton recovered quickly 'That's what I started to say Will he contest the—divorce?'

Of course not she beamed "The dear fellow would never deny me anything Sammy offered to get it himself, but I told him he'd better stay in Chicago and stick to business I shall need such a lot of alimony"

Too bad he couldn't have come along ' Ashton insinuated

But the irony was wasted for she sighed 'Yes, I shall miss him terribly But we feared that if he were with me it might hamper me in getting a divorce on the ground of desertion"

She was trying to look earnest and thoughtful and heartbroken, but the result was hardly plausible, for Mrs Sammy Whitcomb could not possibly have been really earnest or really thoughtful, and her heart was quite too elastic to break She proved it instantly, for when she heard behind her the voice of a young man asking her to let him pass, she turned to protest, but seeing that he was a handsome young man, her starch was instantly changed to sugar And she rewarded his good looks with a smile, as he rewarded hers with another

Then Ashton intervened like a dog in the manger and dragged her off to her seat, leaving the young man to exclaim

"Some tamarind, that!"

Another young man behind him growled 'Cut out the tamarinds and get to business Mallory will be here any minute"

"I hate to think what he'll do to us when he sees what we've done to him"

'Oh, he won't dare to fight in the presence of his little bridey widey. Do you see the porter in there?'

'Yes suppose he objects"

'Well, we have the tickets We'll claim it's our section till Mallory and Mrs Mallory come"

They moved on into the car, where the porter confronted them When he saw that they were loaded with bundles of all shapes and sizes, he waved them away with scorn

The emigrant sleeper runs only Toosdays and Thuzzdays"

From behind the first mass of packages came a brisk military answer

'You black hound! About face—forward march! Section number one"

The porter retreated down the aisle, apologizing glibly "Scuse me for questioning,' you, but you all's baggage looked kind o' eccentric at first."

The two young men dumped their parcels on the seats and began to unwrap them hastily

'If Mallory catches us, he'll kill us," said Lieutenant Shaw Lieutenant Hudson only laughed and drew out a long streamer of white satin ribbon. Its glimmer, and the glimmering eyes of the young man excited Mrs Whitcomb so much that after a little hesitance he moved forward followed by the jealous Ashton

'Oh,—what's up?' she ventured. "It looks like something bridal"

"Talk about womanly intuition!" said Lieutenant Hudson, with an ingratiating salaam

And then they explained to her that their classmate at West Point, being ordered suddenly to the Philippines, had arranged to elope with his beloved Marjorie Newton, had asked them to get the tickets and check the baggage while he stopped at a minister's to "get spliced and hike for Manila by this train."

Having recounted this plan in the full belief that it was even at that moment being carried out successfully, Lieutenant Hudson, with a ghoulish smile, explained

'Being old friends of the bride and groom, we want to fix their section up in style and make them truly comfortable"

'Delicious!" gushed Mrs. Whitcomb. "But you ought to have some rice and old shoes."

"Here's the rice," said Hudson.

"Here's the old shoes," said Shaw

"Lovely!" cried Mrs Whitcomb, but then she grew soberer. "I should think, though, that they—the young couple—would have preferred a stateroom."

"Of course," said Hudson, almost blushing, "but it was taken. This was the best we could do for them"

'That's why we want to make it nice and bride-like," said Shaw. 'Perhaps you could help us—a woman's touch—"

'Oh, I'd love to," she glowed, hastening into the section among the young men and the bundles The unusual stir attracted the porter's suspicions He came forward with a look of authority

'Scuse me, but what—what's all this?'

Vanish—get out," said Hudson, poking a coin at him As he turned to obey, Mrs Whitcomb checked him with "Oh, Porter, could you get us a hammer and some nails?"

The porter almost blanched. 'Good Lawd, Miss, you ain't allowin' to drive nails in that woodwork, is you? That woodwork was to him what the altar is to the priest.

But Hudson, resorting to heroic measures, hypnotized him with a two dollar bill "Here, take this and see nothing hear nothing, say nothing" The porter caressed it and chuckled 'I'm blind, deaf and speechless" He turned away, only to come back at once with a timid "'Scuse me!"

'You here yet?" growled Hudson

Anxiously the porter pleaded "I just want to ast one question Is you all fixin' up for a bridal couple?'

"Foolish question, number eight million, forty three," said Shaw "Answer, no, we are"

The porter's face glistened like fresh stove polish as he gloated over the prospect I tell you, it'll be mahty refreshin' to have a bridal couple on bode' This dog-on Reno train don't carry nothin' much but divorcees I'm just nachally hongry for a bridal couple"

"Brile coup-hic le?" came a voice, like an echo that had somehow become intoxicated in transit. It was Little Jimmie Wellington looking for more sympathy. "Whass zis about brile couple?"

"Why, here's Little Buttercup!" sang out young Hudson, looking at him in amazed amusement

"Did I un'stan' somebody say you're preparing for brile coup!'"

Lieutenant Shaw grinned "I don't know what you understood, but that's what we're doing"

Immediately Wellington's great face began to churn and work like a big eddy in a river. Suddenly he was weeping. 'Excuse these tears, zhentlemen, but I onze—I was once a h b bride myself"

"He looks like a whole wedding party," was Ashton's only comment on the copious grief It was poor Wellington's fate to hunt as vainly for sympathy as Diogenes for honesty. The decorators either ignored him or shunted him aside They were interested in a strange contrivance of ribbons and a box that Shaw produced

That," Hudson explained, "is a little rice trap We hang that up there and when the bridal couple sit down—biff! a shower of rice all over them. It's bad eh?"

Everybody agreed that it was a happy thought, and even Jimmie Wellington, like a great baby, bounding from tears to laughter on the instant, was chortling "A rishe trap? That's abslootly splendid—greates' invensh' modern times I must stick around and see her when she flops" And then he lurched forward like a too-obliging elephant. "Let me help you."

Mrs Whitcomb, who had now mounted a step ladder and poised herself as gracefully as possible, shrieked with alarm, as she saw Wellington's bulk rolling toward her frail support.

If Hudson and Shaw had not been football veterans at West Point and had not known just what to do when the center rush comes bucking the line, they could never have blocked that flying wedge But they checked him and impelled him backward through his own curtains into his own berth.

Finding himself on his back, he decided to remain there. And there he remained, oblivious of the carnival preparations going on just outside his canopy.

CHAPTER VII.

The Masked Minister.

Being an angel must have this great advantage at least, that one may sit in the grandstand overlooking the earth and enjoy the ludicrous blunder of that great blind man's buff we call life.

This night, if any angels were watching Chicago, the Mallory mix up must have given them a good laugh, or a good cry—according to their natures

Here were Mallory and Marjorie, still merely engaged, bitterly regretting their inability to get married and to continue their journey together. There in the car were the giggling conspirators preparing a bridal mockery for their sweet confusion.

Then the angels might have nudged one another and said

'Oh, it's all right now. There goes the minister hurrying to their very car. Mallory has the license in his pocket, and he promises the parson. Hooray!"

And then the public cheer must have died out as the great hurrah of a crowded ball is quenched in air when the home team's vitally needed home run carves outside the line and drops us as a stupid foul ball.

In a shabby old hack, were two of the happiest runaways that ever sought a train They were not miserable like the young couple in the taxicab. They were white-haired both They had been married for thirty years. Yet this was their real honeymoon, their real elopement.

The little woman in the timid gray bonnet clapped her hands and tittered like a schoolgirl

"Oh, Walter, I can't believe we're really going to leave Ypsilanti for a while. Oh, but you've earned it after thirty years of being a preacher"

"Hush Don't let me hear you say the awful word" said the little old man in the little black hat and the close fitting black bib 'I'm so tired of it Sally I don't want anybody on the train to know it'

'They can't help guessing it, with your collar buttoned behind'

And then the amazing minister actually dared to say, 'Here's where I change it around' What's more, he actually did it Actually took off his collar, and buttoned it to the front The old carriage seemed almost to rock with the earthquake of the deed

"Why, Walter Temple!" his wife exclaimed 'What would they say in Ypsilanti?"

'They'll never know," he answered, defiantly

'But your bib?" she said

'I've thought of that, too," he cried, as he whipped it off and stuffed it into a handbag 'Look, what I've bought" And he dangled before her startled eyes a long affair which the sudden light from a passing lamp post revealed to be nothing less than a flaring red tie

The old lady touched it to make sure she was not dreaming it Then, omitting further parley with fate, she snatched it away, put it round his neck, and, since her arms were embracing him, kissed him twice before she knotted the ribbon into a flaming bow. She sat back and regarded the

Mrs. Walter Temple.

vision a moment, then flung her arms round him and hugged him till he gasped

"Watch out—watch out. Don't crush my cigars."

Cigars!" she echoed, in a daze

And then the astounding husband produced them in proof.

"Genuine Lillian Russells—five cents straight."

"But I never saw you smoke."

"Haven't taken a puff since I was a young fellow," he grinned, wagging his head But now it's my vacation, and I'm going to smoke up"

She squeezed his hand with an earlier ardor "Now you're the old Walter Temple I used to know."

"Sally," he said, "I've been traveling through life on a half fare ticket. Now I'm going to have my little fling. And you brace up, too, and be the old mischievous Sally I used to know. Aren't you glad to be away from those sewing circles and gossip-bees, and —"

"Ugh! Don't ever mention them," she shuddered. Then she, too, felt a tinge of recurring springtide. "If you start to smoking, I think I'll take up flirting once more."

He pinched her cheek and laughed. "As the saying is, 'go as far as you desire and I'll leave the coast clear"

He kept his promise, too, for they were no sooner on the train and snugly bestowed in section five, than he was up and off

'Where are you going?" she asked.

'To the smoking room," he swaggered, brandishing a dangerous looking cigar.

"Oh, Walter," she snickered, "I feel like a young runaway"

'"You look like one. Be careful not to let anybody know that you're a"—he lowered his voice—'an old preacher's wife"

"I'm as ashamed of it as you are," she whispered Then he threw her a kiss and a wink, She threw him a kiss and winked too And he went along the aisle eyeing his cigar gloatingly. As he entered the smoking room, lighted the weed and blew out a great puff with a sigh of rapture, who could have taken him, with his feet cocked up, and his red tie rakishly askew, for a minister?

And Sally herself was busy disguising herself, loosening up her hair coquettishly, smiling the primness out of the set corners of her mouth and even—let the truth be told at all costs—even passing a pink powdered puff over her pale cheeks with guilty surreptition.

Thus arrayed she was soon joining the conspirators bedecking the bower for the expected bride and groom. She was the youngest and most mischievous of the lot She felt herself a bride again, and vowed to protect this timid little wife to come from too much hilarity at the hands of the conspirators.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Mixed Pickle.

Mrs Whitcomb had almost blushed when she had murmured to Lieutenant Hudson

I should think the young couple would have preferred a stateroom

And Mr Hudson had flinched a little as he explained

"Yes, of course We tried to get it, but it was gone'

It was during the excitement over the decoration of the bridal section, that the stateroom tenants slipped in unobserved

First came a fluttering woman whose youthful beauty had a certain hue of experience, suddening and wizening The porter brought her in from the station platform, led her to the stateroom's concave door and passed in with her luggage But she lingered without, a Peri at the gate of Paradise When the porter returned to bow her in, she shivered and hesitated, and then demanded

"Oh, porter, are you sure there's nobody else in there?'

The porter chuckled, but humored her panic.

"I ain't seen nobody. Shall I look under the seat?"

To his dismay, she nodded her head violently He rolled his eyes in wonderment, but returned to the state room, made a pretense of examination, and came back with a face full of reassurance 'No m, they's nobody there. Take a mighty small size burglar to squeeze unda that bald—or—berth No'm, nobody there."

"Oh!"

The gasp was so equivocal that he made bold to ask.

"Is you pleased or disappointed?"

The mysterious young woman was too much agitated to rebuke the impudence. She merely sighed: "Oh, porter, I'm so anxious."

"I'm not—now," he muttered, for she handed him a coin

"Porter, have you seen anybody on board that looks suspicious?"

"Evvabody looks suspicious to me, Missy. But what was you expecting—especial?"

"Oh, porter, have you seen anybody that looks like a detective in disguise?"

"Well, they's one man looks 's if he was disguised as a balloon, but I don't believe he's no slooch-hound"

"Well, if you see anybody that looks like a detective and he asks for Mrs. Fosdick—"

"Mrs What-dick?"

"Mrs Fosdick! You tell him I'm not on board" And she gave him another coin.

"Yassum," said the porter, lingering willingly on such fertile soil "I'll tell him Mrs Fosdick done give me her word she wasn't on bode"

"Yes!—and if a woman should ask you"

"What kind of a woman?"

"The hideous kind that men call handsome"

"Oh, ain't they hideous, them handsome women?"

"Well, if such a woman asks for Mrs. Fosdick—she's my husband's first wife—but of course that doesn't interest you"

"No'm—yes'm"

"If she comes—tell her—tell her—oh, what shall we tell her?"

The porter rubbed his thick skull: "Lemme see—we might say you—I tell you what we'll tell her. we'll tell her you took the train for New York; and if she runs mighty fast she can just about ketch it."

"Fine, fine!" And she rewarded his genius with another coin 'And, porter" He had not budged "Porter, if a very handsome man with luscious eyes and a boulful smile asks for me—"

"I'll th'ow him off the train!"

"Oh, no—no!—that's my husband—my present husband You may let him in Now is it all perfectly clear, porter?"

"Oh, yassum, clear as clear" Thus guaranteed she entered the stateroom, leaving the porter alone with his problem He tried to work it out in a semi-audible mumble: 'Lemme see! If your present husband's absent wife gits on bode disguised as a handsome hideous woman I'm to throw him—her—off the train and let her—him—come in—oh, yassum, you may rely on me" He bowed and held out his hand But he was gone He shuffled on into the car

He had hardly left the little space before at [illegible] when a handsome man with luscious eyes, but without any smile at all, came slinking along the corridor and tapped cautiously on the door. Silence alone answered him at first, then when he had rapped again, he heard a muffled

Go away I'm not in"

He put his lips close and softly called "Edith!"

At this Sesame the door opened a trifle, but when he tried to enter, a hand thrust him back and a voice again warned him off. "You mustn't come in"

"But I'm your husband '

'That's just why you mustn't come in" The door opened a little wider to give him a view of a down cast beauty moaning

"Oh, Arthur, I'm so afraid"

"Afraid?' he sniffed 'With your husband here?'

"That's the trouble, Arthur What if your former wife should find us together?"

"But she and I are divorced"

"In some states, yes—but other states don't acknowledge the divorce That former wife of yours is a fiend to pursue us this way"

"She's no worse than your former husband He's pursuing us, too My divorce was as good as yours, my dear"

"Yes, and no better"

The angels looking on might have judged from the ready tempers of the newly married and not entirely unmarried twain that their new alliance promised to be as exciting as their previous estates Perhaps the man subtly felt the presence of the interloping eavesdroppers for he tried to end the love duel in the corridor with an appealing caress and a tender appeal But let's not start our honeymoon with a quarrel'

His partial wife returned the caress and tried to explain I'm not quarreling with you, dear heart, but with the horrid divorce laws Why, oh, why did we ever interfere with them?'

He made a brave effort with "We ended two unhappy marriages, Edith, to make one happy one"

"But I'm so unhappy, Arthur, and so afraid"

He seemed a trifle afraid himself and his gaze was askance as he urged 'But the train will start soon, Edith—and then we shall be safe'

Mrs Fosdick had a genius for inventing unpleasant possibilities "But what if your former wife or my former husband should have a detective on board?'

"A detective?—poof!" He snapped his fingers in bravado 'You are with your husband, aren't you?'

"In Illinois, yes," she admitted, very dolefully 'But when we come to Iowa, I'm a bigamist, and when we come to Nebraska, you're a bigamist, and when we come to Wyoming, we're not married at all"

It was certainly a tangled web they had woven, but a ray of light shot through it into his bewildered soul. "But we're all right in Utah Come, dearest."

He took her by the elbow to escort her into their sanctuary, but still she hung back

"On one condition, Arthur—that you leave me as soon as we cross the Iowa state line, and not come back till we get to Utah Remember, the Iowa state line!"

"Oh all right," he smiled And seeing the porter, beckoned him close and asked with careless indifference. "Oh, porter, what time do we reach the Iowa state line?'

'Two fifty five in the mawning, sah"

"Two fifty five a. m.?" the wretch exclaimed

"Two fifty five a m., yassah," the porter repeated, and wondered why this excerpt from the time-table should exert such a dramatic effect on the luscious-eyed Fosdick.

He had small time to meditate the puzzle, for the train was about to be launched upon its long voyage. He went out to the platform, and watched a couple making that way As their only luggage was a dog basket he supposed that they were simply come to bid some of his passengers good bye No tips were to be expected from such transients, so he allowed them to help themselves up the steps.

Mallory and his Marjorie had tried to kiss the farewell of farewells half a dozen times, but she could not let him go at the gate. She asked the guard to let her through, and her beauty was bribe enough

Again and again, she and Mallory paused. He wanted to take her back to the taxicab, but she would not be so dismissed She must spend the last available second with him

"I'll go as far as the steps of the car, she said When they were arrived there, two porters, a sleeping car conductor and several smoking saunterers profaned the tryst. So she whispered that she would come aboard, for the corridor would be a quiet lane for the last rites.

And now that he had her actually on the train, Mallory's whole soul revolted against letting her go The vision of her standing on the platform sad-eyed and lorn, while the train swept him off into space was unendurable He shut his eyes against it, but it glowed inside the lids.

And then temptation whispered him its old "Why not?" While it was working in his soul like a fermenting yeast, he was saying.

"To think that we should owe all our misfortune to an infernal taxicab's break-down"

Out of the anguish of her loneliness crept one little complaint:

If you had really wanted me, you'd have had two taxicabs"

"Oh, how can you say that? I had the license bought and the minister waiting '

"He's waiting yet"

"And the ring—he's the ring." He fished it out of his waistcoat pocket and held it before her as a golden amulet.

'A lot of good it does now," said Marjorie "You won't even wait over till the next train"

"I've told you a thousand times, my love," he protested, desperately, "if I don't catch the transport, I'll be court-martialed. If this train is late, I'm

Rev. Walter Temple.

lost. If you really loved me you'd come along with me

'Her very eyes gasped at this astounding proposal

'Why, Harry Mallory, you know it's impossible '

Like a sort of benevolent Satan, he laid the ground for his abduction: 'You'll leave me then, to spend three years without you—out among those Manila women"

She shook her head in terror at this vision It would be too horrible for words to have you marry one of those mahogany sirens

He held out the apple Better come along then"

"But how can I? We're not married

He answered airily 'Oh I'm sure there's a minister on board '

'But it would be too awful to be married with all the passengers gawking No I couldn't face it Goodbye, honey"

She turned away, but he caught her arm' 'Don't you love me?'

"To distraction I'll wait for you, too"

Three years is a long wait"

"But I'll wait, if you will"

With such devotion he could not tamper It was too beautiful to risk or endanger or besmirch with any danger of scandal. He gave up his fantastic project and gathered her into his arms, crowded her into his very soul, as he vowed: "I'll wait for you forever and ever and ever"

Her arms swept around his neck, and she gave herself up as an exile from happiness, a prisoner of a far-off love:

'Good bye, my husband to-be.

"Good bye my wife-that-was-to-have-been and will be-maybe."

"Good bye"

'Good bye"

"Good bye."

"Good bye"

"I must go."

"Yes, you must."

"One last kiss"

"One more—one long last kiss."

And there, entwined in each other's arms, with lips wedded and eyelids clinched, they clung together, forgetting everything past, future or present. Love's anguish made them blind, mute and deaf

They did not hear the conductor crying his "All Aboard!" down the long wall of the train. They did not hear the far-off knell of the bell They did not hear the porters banging the vestibules shut. They did not feel the floor sliding out with them

And so the porter found them, engulfed in one embrace, swaying and swaying, and no more aware of the increasing rush of the train than we other passengers on the earth-express are aware of its speed through the ether routes on its ancient schedule.

The porter stood with his box-step in his hand, and blinked and wondered. And they did not even know they were observed

CHAPTER IX.

All Aboard!

The starting of the train surprised the ironical decorators in the last stages of their work Their smiles died out in a sudden shame, as it came over them that the joke had recoiled on their own heads. They had done their best to carry out the time-honored rite of making a newly mar-

tried couple as miserable as possible—and the newly married couple had failed to do its share.

The two lieutenants glared at each other in mutual contempt. They had studied much at West Point about ambushes, and how to avoid them. Could Mallory have escaped the pit they had digged for him? They looked at their handiwork in disgust. The cosy corner effect of white ribbons and orange flowers gracefully masking the concealed rice-trap, had seemed the wittiest thing ever devised. Now it looked the silliest.

The other passengers were equally downcast. Meanwhile the two lovers in the corridor were kissing goodbyes as if they were hoping to store up honey enough to sustain their hearts for a three years' fast. And the porter was studying them with perplexity.

He was used, however, to waking people out of dreamland, and he began to fear that if he were discovered spying on the lovers, he might suffer. So he coughed discreetly three or four times.

Since the increasing racket of the train made no effect on the two hearts beating as one, the small matter of a cough was as nothing.

Finally the porter was compelled to reach forward and tap Mallory's arm, and stutter:

"'Scuse me, but co-could I git b-by?"

The embrace was untied, and the lovers stared at him with a dazed, where-am-I? look. Marjorie was the first to realize what awakened them. She felt called upon to say something, so she said, as carelessly as if she had not just emerged from a young gentleman's arms.

"Oh, porter, how long before the train starts?"

"Train's done started, Missy."

This simple statement struck the wool from her eyes and the cotton from her ears, and she was wide enough awake when she cried: "Oh, stop it—stop it!"

"That's mo'n I can do, Missy," the porter expostulated.

"Then I'll jump off," Marjorie vowed, making a dash for the door.

But the porter filled the narrow path, and waved her back.

"Vestibule's done locked up—train's going lickety split." Feeling that he had safely checkmated any rashness, the porter squeezed past the dumbfounded pair, and went to change his blue blouse for the white coat of his chambermaidenly duties. Mallory's first wondering thought was a rapturous feeling that circumstances had forced his dream into a reality. He thrilled with triumph. "You've got to go with me now."

"Yes—I've got to go," Marjorie assented meekly; "then, sublimely, "It's fate. Kismet!"

They clutched each other again in a fiercely blissful hug. Marjorie came back to earth with a bump: 'Are you really sure there's a minister on board?"

"Pretty sure," said Mallory, sobering a trifle.

"But you said you were sure!"

"Well, when you say you're sure, that means you're not quite sure."

It was not an entirely satisfactory justification, and Marjorie began to quake with alarm. "Suppose there shouldn't be?'

"Oh, then," Mallory answered carelessly, "there's bound to be one tomorrow."

Marjorie realized at once the enormous abyss between then and the morrow, and she gasped: "Tomorrow! And no chaperon! Oh, I'll jump out of the window."

Mallory could prevent that, but when she pleaded, "What shall we do?" he had no solution to offer. Again it was she who received the first inspiration.

"I have it," she beamed.

"Yes, Marjorie?" he assented, dubiously.

"We'll pretend not to be married at all."

He seized the rescuing ladder: "That's it! Not married—just friends."

"Till we can get married—"

"Yes, and then we can stop being friends."

"My love—my friend!" They embraced in a most unfriendly manner.

An impatient yelp from the neglected dog-basket awoke them.

"Oh, Lord, we've brought Snoozleums."

"Of course we have." She took the dog from the prison, tucked him under her arm, and tried to compose her bridal face into a merely friendly countenance before they entered the car. But she must pause for one more kiss, one more of those bitter-sweet good-byes. And Mallory was nothing loath.

Hudson and Shaw were still glumly perplexed, when the porter returned in his white jacket.

"I bet they missed the train; all this work for nothing," Hudson grumbled. But Shaw, seeing the porter, caught a gleam of hope, and asked anxiously:

"Say, porter, have you seen anything anywhere that looks like a freshly married pair?"

"Well," and the porter rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand as he chuckled, "well, they's a mighty lovin' couple out theah in the corridor."

"That's them—they—it!"

Instantly everything was alive and in action. It was as if a bugle had shrilled in a dejected camp.

"Get ready!" Shaw commanded. "Here's rice for everybody."

"Everybody take an old shoe," said Hudson. "You can't miss in this narrow car."

"There's a kazoo for everyone, too," said Shaw, as the outstretched hands were equipped with wedding ammunition. "Do you know the 'Wedding March'?"

"I ought to by this time," said Whitcomb.

Right into the tangle of preparation, old Ira Lathrop stalked, on his way back to his seat to get more cigars.

"Have some rice for the bridal couple?" said Ashton, offering him of his own double-handful.

But Lathrop brushed him aside with a romance-hater's growl.

"Watch out for your head, then," cried Hudson, and Lathrop ducked just too late to escape a neck-filling, hair-filling shower. An old shoe took him a clip abaft the ear, and the old woman-hater dropped raging into the same berth where the spinster, Anne Gattle, was trying to dodge the same downpour.

Still there was enough of the shrapnel left to overwhelm the two young "friends," who marched into the aisle, trying to look indifferent and prepared for nothing on earth less than for a wedding charivari.

Mallory should have done better than to entrust his plans to fellows like Hudson and Shaw, whom he had known at West Point for diabolically joyous hazers and practical jokers. Even as he sputtered rice and winced from the impact of flying footgear, he was cursing himself as a double-dyed idiot for asking such men to engage his berth for him. He had a sudden instinct that they had doubtless bedecked his trunk and Marjorie's with white satin furbelows and ludicrous labels. But he could not shelter himself from the white sleet and the black thumps. He could hardly shelter Marjorie, who cowered behind him and shrieked even louder than the romping tormentors.

When the assailants had exhausted the rice and shoes, they charged down the aisle for the privilege of kissing the bride. Mallory was dragged and bunted and shunted here and there, and he had to fight his way back to Marjorie with might and main. He was tugging and striking like a demon, and yelling, "Stop it! stop it!"

Hudson took his punishment with uproarious good nature, laughing:

"Oh, shut up, or we'll kiss you!"

But Shaw was scrubbing his wry lips with a seasick wail of:

"Wow! I think I kissed the dog."

There was, of necessity, some pause for breath, and the combatants draped themselves limply about the seats. Mallory glared at the twin Benedict Arnolds and demanded:

"Are you two thugs going to San Francisco with me?"

"Don't worry," smiled Hudson, "we're only going as far as Kedzie avenue, just to start the honeymoon properly."

If either of the elopers had been calmer, the solution of the problem would have been simple. Marjorie could get off at this suburban station and drive home from there. But their wits were like pied type, and they were further jumbled, when Shaw broke in with a sudden, 'Come, see the little dove-cote we fixed for you."

Before they knew it, they were both haled along the aisle to the white satin atrocity. "Love in a bungalow," said Hudson. "Sit down—make yourselves perfectly at home."

"No—never—oh, oh, oh!" cried Marjorie, darting away and throwing herself into the first empty seat—Ira Lathrop's berth. Mallory followed to console her with caresses and murmurs of, "There's there, don't cry, dearie!"

Hudson and Shaw followed close with mawkish mockery. 'Don't cry, dearie."

And now Mrs. Temple intervened. She had enjoyed the initiation ceremony as well as anyone. But when the little bride began to cry, she remembered the pitiful terror and shy shame she had undergone as a girl-wife, and she hastened to Marjorie's side, brushing the men away like gnats.

"You poor thing," she comforted. "Come, my child, lean on me, and have a good cry."

Hudson grinned, and put out his own arms: 'She can lean on me, if she'd rather."

Mrs. Temple glanced up with indignant rebuke: "Her mother is far away, and she wants a mother's breast to weep on. Here's mine, my dear."

The impudent Shaw tapped his own military chest: "She can use mine."

Infuriated at this bride-baiting, Mallory rose and confronted the two imps with clenched fists: "You're a pretty pair of friends, you are!"

The imperturable Shaw put out a pair of tickets as his only defense: "Here are your tickets, old boy."

And Hudson roared jovially: "We tried to get you a stateroom, but it was gone."

"And here are your baggage checks," laughed Shaw, forcing into his fists a few pasteboards. 'We got your trunks on the train ahead, all right. Don't mention it—you're entirely welcome."

It was the porter that brought the first relief from the ordeal.

'If you gemmen is gettin' off at Kedzie avenue, you'd better step smart. We're slowin' up now."

Marjorie was sobbing too audibly to hear, and Mallory swearing too inaudibly to heed the opportunity Kedzie avenue offered. And Hudson was yelling: "Well, good bye, old boy and old girl. Sorry we can't go all the way." He had the effrontery to try to kiss the bride good bye, and Shaw was equally bold, but Mallory's fury enabled him to beat them off. He elbowed and shouldered them down the aisle, and sent after them one of his own shoes. But it just missed Shaw's flying coattails.

Mallory stood glaring after the departing traitors. He was glad that they at least were gone till he realized with a sickening slump in his vitals, that they had not taken with them his awful dilemma. And now the train was whirling into the night and the void.

CHAPTER X.

Excess Baggage.

Never was a young soldier so stumped by a problem in tactics as Lieutenant Harry Mallory, safely aboard his train, and not daring to leave it, yet hopelessly unaware of how he was to dispose of his lovely but unlabelled baggage.

Hudson and Shaw had erected a white satin temple to Hymen in berth number one, had created such commotion, and departed in such confusion, that there had been no opportunity to proclaim that he and Marjorie were "not married—just friends."

And now the passengers had accepted them as that enormous fund of amusement to any train, a newly wedded pair. To explain the mistake would have been difficult, even among friends. But among strangers—well, perhaps a wiser and a colder brain than Harry Mallory's could have stood there and delivered a brief oration restoring truth to her pedestal. But Mallory was in no condition for such a stoic delivery.

He mopped his brow in agony, lost in a blizzard of bewilderment. He drifted back toward Marjorie, half to protect and half for companionship. He found Mrs. Temple cuddling her close and mothering her as if she were a baby instead of a bride.

"Did the poor child run away and get married?"

Marjorie's frantic "Boo-hoo-hoo" might have meant anything. Mrs. Temple took it for assent, and murmured with glowing reminiscence:

"Just the way Doctor Temple and I did."

She could not see the leaping flash of wild hope that lighted up Mallory's face. She only heard his voice across her shoulder:

"Doctor? Doctor Temple? Is your husband a reverend doctor?"

"A reverend doctor?" the little old lady repeated weakly.

"Yes—a—a preacher?"

The poor old congregation-weary soul was abruptly confronted with the ruination of all the delight in her little escapade with her pulpit-fagged husband. If she had ever dreamed that the girl who was weeping in her arms was weeping from any other fright than the usual fright of young brides, fresh from the preacher's benediction, she would have cast every other consideration aside, and told the truth.

But her husband's last behest before he left her had been to keep their precious pretend secret. She felt—just then—that a woman's first duty is to obey her husband. Besides, what business was it of this young husband's what her old husband's business was? Before she had fairly begun to debate her duty, almost automatically, with the instantaneous instinct of self-protection, her lips had uttered the denial:

"Oh—he's—just a—plain doctor. There he is now."

Mallory cast one miserable glance down the aisle at Dr. Temple coming back from the smoking room. As the old man paused to stare at the bridal berth, whose preparation he had not seen, he was just enough befuddled by his first cigar for thirty years to look a trifle tipsy. The motion of the train and the rakish tilt of his unwonted crimson tie confirmed the suspicion and annihilated Mallory's new-born hope, that perhaps repentant fate had dropped a parson at their very feet.

He sank into the seat opposite Marjorie, who gave him one terrified glance, and burst into fresh sobs:

"Oh—oh—boo-hoo—I'm so unhap—hap—py."

Perhaps Mrs. Temple was a little miffed at the couple that had led her astray and opened her own honeymoon with a wanton fib. In any case, the best consolation she could offer Marjorie was a perfunctory pat, and a cynicism:

"There, there, dear! You don't know what real unhappiness is yet. Wait till you've been married a while."

And then she noted a startling lack of completeness in the bride's hand.

"Why—my dear!—where's your wedding ring?"

With what he considered great presence of mind, Mallory explained: "It—it slipped off—I—I picked it up. I have it here." And he took the little gold band from his waistcoat and tried to jam it on Marjorie's right thumb.

"Not on the thumb!" Mrs. Temple cried. "Don't you know?"

"You see, it's my first marriage."

"You poor boy—this finger!" And Mrs. Temple, raising Marjorie's limp hand, selected the proper digit, and held it forward, while Mallory pressed the fatal circlet home.

And then Mrs. Temple, having completed their installation as man and wife, utterly confounded their confusion by her final effort at comfort: "Well, my dears, I'll go back to my seat, and leave you alone with your dear husband."

"My dear what?" Marjorie mumbled inanely, and began to sniffle again. Whereupon Mrs. Temple resigned her to Mallory, and consigned her to fate with a consoling platitude:

"Cheer up, my dear, you'll be all right in the morning."

Marjorie and Mallory's eyes met in one wild clash, and then both stared into the window, and did not notice that the shades were down.

CHAPTER XI.

A Chance Encounter.

While Mrs. Temple was confiding to her husband that the agitated couple in the next seat had just come from a wedding-factory, and had got on famously in the public life of their own, the other pair of them were engaged in a little drama of their own.

Ira Lathrop, known to all who knew him as a woman-hating snapping-turtle, was so busily engaged trying to drag the farthest invading rice grains out of the back of his neck, that he was late in realizing his whereabouts. When he raised his head, he found that he had crowded into a seat with an uncomfortable looking woman, who crowded against the window with old-maidenly timidity.

He felt some apology to be necessary, and he snarled: "Disgusting things, these weddings!" After he heard this, it did not sound entirely felicitous, so he grudgingly ventured: "Excuse me—you married?"

She denied the soft impeachment so heartily that he softened a little:

"You're a sensible woman. I guess you and I are the only sensible people on this train."

"It—seems—so," she giggled. It was the first time her spinstership had been taken as material for a compliment. Something in the girlish giggle and the strangely young smile that swept twenty years from her face and belied the silver lines in her hair, seemed to catch the old bachelor's attention. He stared at her so fiercely that she looked about for a way to escape. Then a curiously anxious, almost a hungry, look softened his leonine jowls into a boyish eagerness, and his growl became a sort of gruff purr:

"Say, you look something like an old sweetheart—er—friend—of mine. Were you ever in Brattleboro, Vt.?"

A flush warmed her cheek, and a sense of home warmed her prim speech, as she confessed:

"I came from there originally."

"So did I," said Ira Lathrop, leaning closer, and beaming like a big sun: "I don't suppose you remember Ira Lathrop?"

The old maid stared at the bachelor as if she were trying to see the boy she had known, through the mask that time had modeled on his face. And then she was a girl again, and her voice chimed as she cried:

"Why, Ira!—Mr. Lathrop!—is it you?"

She gave him her hand—both her hands, and he smothered them in one big paw and laid the other on for extra warmth, as he nodded his savage head and roared as gentle as a sucking dove:

'Well, well! Annie—Anne—Miss Gattie! What do you think of that?"

They gossiped across the chasm of of years about people and things, and knew nothing of the excitement so close to them, saw nothing of Chicago slipping back into the distance, with its many lights shooting across the windows like hurled torches.

Suddenly a twinge of ancient jealousy shot through the man's heart, recurring to old emotions.

"So you're not married, Annie. Whatever became of that fellow who used to hang round you all the time?"

"Charlie Selby?" She blushed at the name, and thrilled at the luxury of meeting jealousy. "Oh, he entered the church. He's a minister out in Ogden, Utah."

"I always knew he'd never amount to much," was Lathrop's epitaph on his old rival. Then he started with a new twinge: "You bound for Ogden, too?"

"Oh, no," she smiled, unraptured at the new sensation of making a man anxious, and understanding all in a flash the motives that make coquettes. Then she told him her destination. "I'm on my way to China."

"China!" he exclaimed. "So'm I!"

She stared at him with a new thought, and gushed: "Oh, Ira—are you a missionary, too?"

"Missionary? Hell, no!" he roared. "Excuse me—I'm an importer—Anne, I—I—"

But the sonorous swear reverberated in their ears like a smitten bell, and he blushed for it, but could not recall it.

CHAPTER XII.

The Needle in the Haystack.

The almost-married couple sat long in mutual terror and a common paralysis of ingenuity. Marjorie, for lack of anything better to do, was absent-mindedly twisting Snoozleum's ears, while he, that pocket abridgment of a dog, in a well meaning effort to divert her from her evident grief, made a great pretense of ferocity, growling and threatening to bite her fingers off. The new ring attracted his special jealousy. He was growing discouraged at the ill-success of his impersonation of a wolf, and dejected at being so crassly ignored, when he suddenly became, in his turn, a center of interest.

Marjorie was awakened from her trance of inanition by the porter's voice. His plantation voice was ordinarily as thick and sweet as his own New Orleans sorghum, but now it had a bitterness that curdled the blood:

"'Scuse me, but how did you all git that theah dog in this heah cah?"

"Snoozleums is always with me," said Marjorie briskly, as if that settled it, and turned for confirmation to the dog himself, "aren't you, Snoozleums?"

"Well," the porter drawled, trying to be gracious with his great power, "the rules don't 'low no live stock in the sleepin' cars, 'ceptin' humans."

Marjorie rewarded his condescension with a blunt: "Snoozleums is more human than you are."

"I p'sume he is," the porter admitted, "but he can't make up berths. Anyway, the rules says dogs goes with the baggage."

Marjorie swept rules aside with a defiant: "I don't care. I won't be separated from my Snoozleums."

Jed Hopper, the porter, was not sorely troubled with greater anxieties to be capable of any action.

The porter tried persuasion: "You betta lemme take him, the conducta is wuss'n what I am. He th'owed a couple of dogs out the window trip befo' last."

"The brute!"

"Oh, yassum, he is a regulah brute. He just loves to hear 'm splosh when they light."

Noting the shiver that shook the girl, the porter offered a bit of consolation:

"Better lemme have the pore little thing up in the baggage cah. He'll be in charge of a lovely baggage-smasher."

"Are you sure he's a nice man?"

"Oh, yassum, he a death on trunks, but he's a natural born angel to dogs."

"Well, if I must, I must," she sobbed. "Poor little Snoozleums! Can he come back and see me tomorrow?" Marjorie's tears were splashing on the puzzled dog, who nestled close, with a foreboding of disaster.

"I reckon p'haps you'd better visit him."

"Poor dear little Snoozleums—good night, my little darling. Poor little child—it's the first night he's slept all by his little lonesome, and—"

The porter was growing desperate. He clapped his hands together impatiently and urged: 'I think I hear that conducta comin'."

The ruse succeeded. Marjorie fairly forced the dog on him. "Quick—hide him—hurry!" she gasped, and sank on the seat completely crushed. "I'll be so lonesome without Snoozleums."

Mallory felt called upon to remind her of his presence. "I—I'm here, Marjorie." She looked at him just once—at him, the source of all her troubles—buried her head in her arms, and resumed her grief. Mallory stared at her helplessly, then rose and bent over to whisper:

"I'm going to look through the train."

"Oh, don't leave me," she pleaded, clinging to him with a dependence that restored his respect.

"I must find a clergyman," he whispered. "I'll be back the minute I find one, and I'll bring him with me."

The porter thought he wanted the dog back, and quickened his pace till he reached the corridor, where Mallory overtook him and asked, in an effort at casual indifference, if he had seen anything of a clergyman on board.

"Ain't seen nothin' that even looks like one," said the porter. Then he hastened ahead to the baggage car with the squirming Snoozleums, while Mallory followed slowly, going from seat to seat and car to car, subjecting all the males to an inspection that rendered some of them indignant, others of them uneasy.

If dear old Doctor Temple could only have known what Mallory was hunting, he would have snatched off the mask, and thrown aside the secular scarlet tie at all costs. But poor Mallory, unable to recognize a clergyman so dyed-in-the-wool as Doctor Temple, sitting in the very next seat—how could he be expected to pick out another in the long and crowded train?

All clergymen look alike when they are in convention assembled, but sprinkled through a crowd they are not so easily distinguished.

In the sleeping car bound for Portland, Mallory picked one man as a clergyman. He had a lean, ascetic face, solemn eyes, and he was talking to his seat mate in an oratorical manner. Mallory bent down and tapped the man's shoulder.

The effect was surprising. The man jumped as if he were stabbed, and turned a pale, frightened face on Mallory, who murmured:

"Excuse me, do you happen to be a clergyman?"

A look of relief stole over the man's features, followed closely by a scowl of wounded vanity:

"No, damn you, I don't happen to be a parson. I have chosen to be—well, if you had watched the billboards in Chicago during our run, you would not need to ask who I am!"

Mallory mumbled an apology and hurried on, just overhearing his victim's sigh:

"Such is fame!"

He saw two or three other clerical persons in that car, but feared to touch their shoulders. One man in the last seat held him specially, and he hid in the turn of the corridor, in the hope of eavesdropping some clue. This man was bent and scholastic of appearance, and wore heavy spectacles and a heavy beard, which Mallory took for a guaranty that he was not another actor. And he was reading what appeared to be printer's proofs. Mallory felt certain that they were a volume of sermons. He lingered timorously in the environs for some time before the man spoke at all to the dreary-looking woman at his side. Then the stranger spoke. And this is what he said and read:

"I fancy this will make the bigots sit up and take notice, mother: 'If there ever was a person named Moses, it is certain, from the writings ascribed to him, that he disbelieved the Egyptian theory of a life after death, and combated it as a heathenish superstition. The Judaic idea of a future existence was undoubtedly acquired from the Assyrians, during the captivity.'"

He doubtless read much more, but Mallory fled to the next car. There he found a man in a frock coat talking solemnly to another of equal solemnity. The seat next them was unoccupied, and Mallory dropped into it, perking his ears backward for news.

"Who was over in Moline?" said a voice.

"Was I?" the other muttered. "Wasn't I run out of there by one of my audiences. I was givin' hypnotic demonstrations, and I had a run-in with one of my 'horses,' and he done me dirt. Right in the midst of one of his cataleptic trances, he got down from the chairs where I had stretched him out and hollered: 'He's a bum fake, gents, and owes me two weeks' pay.' Thank Gawd, there was a back door openin' on a dark alley leadin' to the switch yard. I caught a caboose just as a freight train was pullin' out."

Mallory could hardly get strength to rise and continue his search. On his way forward he met the conductor, crossing a vestibule between cars. A happy thought occurred to Mallory. He said:

"Excuse me, but have you any preachers on board?"

"None so far."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"How can you tell?"

"Well, if a grown man offers me a half-fare ticket, I guess that's a pretty good sign, ain't it?"

Mallory guessed that it was, and turned back, hopeless and helpless.

(Continued next week)

Belasco's Flowery Apology.

David Belasco, who bows with such modesty before the curtain calls that greet the presentation of his dramatic successes, occasionally loses his temper during rehearsals of plays, and when he gets angry he does the thing up brown. For the time being, there isn't a peaceful thought in his fertile brain. When he began the rehearsals of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Miss Henrietta Crossman, the star of the piece, warned him that he must not scold her.

A few days before the first public production, however, Belasco broke out in one of his fine tempers, and Miss Crosman, with head in the air, left the stage and the theater. She was walking rapidly up the street when she heard the rush of footsteps behind her. Turning around, she saw the manager, with his arms full of flowers. These he held out to her imploringly.

This tribute effected a reconciliation. On the way back to the theater the star noticed a flower stand completely denuded of its stock. Belasco in his pursuit of the fleeing actress, had bought all the flowers in sight.—From Twice-a-month Popular Magazine.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE
Burdick's Music Store
Successors to
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Fire, Tornado Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance Companies and service the best.

Complete Line of Pianos and Musical Instruments and Sheet Music

See the FREE sewing machine
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SIDNEY A. BURDICK, Manager.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

SINKING OF THE WHITE STAR LINER, TITANIC.

(Continued from Page 1.)

scarcely time for the pitiful farewells.

It was not necessary to invoke the unwritten law of the seas of "women first," if man acted in this crisis as he has done from time immemorial, on land and sea. Women and children were taken from husbands and fathers, placed in the boats and then lowered away over the towering sides of the doomed ship into impenetrable darkness, with only men enough among them to man the craft.

Heroic Deeds.

What deeds of heroism were enacted in this hour of peril will never all be known; some of them will be told when the few eye-witnesses of some of them are brought home by the Carpathia.

Some one will probably tell of the divine devotion of Mrs. Isador Straus, who is reported as among the missing. It is also reported that Mr. Strauss has perished. As the women were given the first opportunity to leave the ship the fact that Mrs. Strauss is not among the reported rescued, is inferred by her friends that she preferred death to parting from her husband. Her age was such that even among the women she would be given choice before the younger ones.

The Survivors.

"The steamer Carpathia carrying the survivors, will reach port Thursday night or Friday morning."

Her captain reports that she is making all speed possible and at a late hour asked that special docking arrangements be made. All these arrangements have been completed.

Orders have been received from Washington to waive all customs regulations; and similarly the port officers will not detain the ship at quarantine. The Carpathia will be given the right of way over all other ships bound in and will proceed directly to her dock at the Cunard piers.

From what can be learned many of those who came through the harrowing scenes of the wreck are in a pitiful state. Most of them had retired and were forced to leave the vessel in their night garments. Then for eight hours they were battered about in the sea of ice. Exposed to the icy blasts of the ocean, they drifted in the small lifeboats and saw the great ocean palace, with its wonderful illumination, slowly sink, carrying with it the husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts to whom they had said a hasty farewell.

Noted People Aboard.

Untold wealth was represented among the passengers of the Titanic, there being on board at least six millionaires, whose fortunes might be reckoned in tens of millions of dollars. A total estimate of the wealth represented in the first-class passenger list would reach over half a billion dollars.

The wealthiest of the list is Col. John Jacob Astor, head of the famous house whose name he bears, who is reputed to be worth $150,000,000. Mr. Astor was returning from a tour of Egypt with his bride, who was Miss Madeline Force to whom he was married in Providence on September 9.

Benjamin Guggenheim, probably next in financial importance, is the fifth of the seven sons of Meyer Guggenheim, who founded the American Smelting and Refining company, the great mining corporation, and is a director of many corporations, including the International Steam Pump company, of which he is also president. His fortune is estimated at $95,000,000. His wife, whose name does not appear on the passenger list, is the daughter of James Selfgman, the New York banker.

George D. Widener is the son of P. A. Widener, the Philadelphia "traction king," whose fortune is estimated at $50,000,000.

Isador Straus, one of New York's most prominent drygoods merchants and notable for his philanthropies, has a fortune also estimated to be worth $50,000,000. He is a director in various banks, trust companies and charitable institutions.

J. Bruce Ismay, president and one of the founders of the International Mercantile Marine, who has always made it a custom to be a passenger on the maiden trip of every new ship built by the company, is said to be worth $40,000,000. It was Mr. Ismay who, with J. P. Morgan, consolidated American and British steamship lines under the International Mercantile Marine's control.

Col. Washington Roebling, builder of the Brooklyn bridge, president and director of John A. Roebling's Sons company, is credited with a fortune of $25,000,000.

Among others of reputed wealth who were on board are J. P. Thayer, vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad; Clarence Moore, a well-known sportsman, whose wife was Miss Mabel Swift, daughter of E. C. Swift, the Chicago meat packer; and Charles M. Hayes, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific and vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

On account of the absence [illegible] of Maj. Archibald Butt, the president's military aide, who was aboard the vessel returning from Europe.

Maj. Butt achieved great popularity more than any of his predecessors in the position of military aide to the president.

Other persons of note on the first cabin list are W. T. Stead, writer, journalist and war correspondent; Jacques Futrelle, the short story writer; Frederick M. Hoyt, a well-known New York yachtsman; Dr. Washington Dodge, of San Francisco; Henry Sleeper Harper, grandson of John Wesley Harper, one of the founders of Harper Brothers Publishing House; William E. Carpenter of Philadelphia and Newport; and Thomas Pears, a Pittsburgh steel manufacturer.

T. W. Cavendish of England, with his American wife, who is the daughter of Henry Seigel, the New York merchant, were first cabin passengers.

Christopher Head is a London barrister and son of the senior member of the firm of Lloyds, underwriters. Mrs. Edward S. Robert is from St. Louis, as is also Miss E. W. Allen and Theophile Papin, Jr. Mr. Papin is noted as an art connoisseur.

Among other prominent Canadian passengers were H. Markland Molson, a banker; Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Mrs. James Baxter, Q. Baxter, H. J. Allison and Mrs. Allison, of Montreal; Maj. Arthur Penchen, of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto; Mrs. Mark Fortune and Mrs. Graham of Winnipeg. Mr. Davidson is a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange and a son of Justice Davidson. His wife is a daughter of President Hayes of the Grand Trunk railway, who, with Mrs. Hayes and Miss Hayes, also were passengers. Quigg Baxter is a well-known hockey player.

Paul Chevre, the well-known French sculptor, who made the Champlain monument, was in the first cabin.

The Financial Loss.

Besides the 1653 persons who lost their lives on the ill-fated Titanic the financial loss represents an enormous fortune. The ship and its equipment was valued at $10,000,000, upon which there was an insurance of $5,000,000. The jewels carried by the passengers are estimated to be worth $5,000,000. The loss of baggage and mails is placed at $2,000,000, and the cargo is understood to be worth $1,250,000.

There were 6,318 mail bags aboard the Titanic when she left Southampton. It is stated that the proportion of registered packages carried was heavier than usual. There were no parcels. The letters addressed to Canada consisted of the usual mid-week mail from North and South America and the Canada Island in the Pacific.

Much of the Titanic's cargo was destined for New York and comprised expensive laces from Calais, the finest silks from the far East, an immense consignment of cotton materials from Manchester and in addition there was a considerable stock of wines.

The Titanic's Size.

The Titanic was the largest ship ever launched. She was 882½ feet long. If her bow were placed on a line with the Fifth avenue facade of the Waldorf-Astoria her stern would reach away beyond Broadway and to a point about half way between the Herald Square Hotel and Seventh avenue.

Her capacity, passengers and crew, was 5000 people. Compared with one of Uncle Sam's great floating fortresses like the dreadnought Delaware, the Titanic and her sister ship, the Olympic, are vast beyond belief. The Titanic had a displacement of 66,000 tons, which means that she was 8000 tons bigger than a battleship twice the size of the Delaware.

One gets a fair idea of her immensity by her enormous funnels or, as landsmen often call them, smokestacks. Two Pennsylvania passenger trains might race through one of these enormous cylinders. From the bottom of the keel to the top of one of the four great funnels is 175 feet. That is about the height of a twelve-story building.

Started With Accident.

The disaster to the Titanic follows one which almost brought her initial trip to a sudden termination. As she was on her way down the channel on the first voyage the suction of the mighty ship was such as she passed the American Line steamer New York as to pull the latter from her pier.

The New York supposedly was safely tied up with seven great cables, but these parted like rotten ropes, and the New York drifted helplessly after the Titanic. The officers of the latter saw the predicament of the smaller liner, and, reversing engines, stopped the Titanic, and this gave several tugs a chance to rescue the New York.

GOOD PASTURE.

I have a good pasture, well fenced, for 25 horses or cattle. Inquire of

F. A. SHELANDER,
Marvindale, Pa.

4t-p

The Meeting to Be Held in Johnsonburg on Friday, April 26.

If weather conditions are at all favorable it is confidently expected that April 26th will be a red letter day in Johnsonburg. The committee in charge of arrangements for the celebration of the 93rd anniversary of Odd Fellowship in America is hard at work perfecting details for the event. Word has been received from a large number of the lodges in the Elk-McKean district stating that they will be in attendance in full force and in a number of instances will be accompanied by a band. In addition there is word from lodges in adjoining counties indicating that many lodges will send delegations. It is already determined that there will be at least seven brass bands in attendance and as there are some lodges that have not reported it is probable that this number will be increased.

The entire town is taking an active interest in the celebration and is rendering the executive committee valuable assistance. A professional decorator has been engaged who will be on hand in plenty of time to have the buildings, streets and business fronts in gala attire by the morning of the 26th. It is expected that there will be hundreds of Odd Fellows and thousands of visitors in attendance on that day. There will be ample accommodation for all. In addition to the following program which will be carried out by the Odd Fellows, there will be one and probably two ball games played at the Athletic Park. The Association has not yet announced the team or teams to be secured for the occasion. This feature will furnish entertainment for many visitors during the day while the ball in the evening will furnish amusement while the members of the order are witnessing the exemplification of degrees in the opera house by the crack degree team of Cold Brook lodge.

The general program is arranged as follows:

11:00 a. m.—Special session of the Grand Encampment.

1:00 p. m.—Formation of parade at corner of Bridge and Market streets.

1:30—Parade moves.

2:30—Parade disbands at opera house.

2:30—Public meeting in the opera house.

4:00—Business meeting of the Association.

7:00—Band concerts about streets.

7:30—Public ball opens in hose house.

8:00—Massed band concert on square opposite bank.

8:00—Special session of Johnsonburg lodge in the opera house at which the First and Third degrees will be exemplified by the degree team of Cold Brook lodge.

8:00—Special session of Dorothea Rebekah lodge in Maccabee hall at which the degree will be exemplified by Sara Rebekah lodge of Ridgway.

NUMEROUS GASOLINE FIRES.

They are Said to Come From Gasoline Made from Natural Gas.

This year's automobile season is starting out with more than the usual number of gasoline fires, doubtless caused by the increasing use of the very volatile gasoline compressed from natural gas.

During the past few weeks there has been in Pittsburgh at least a half dozen such fires, several of them destroying single automobiles, while others destroyed private garages and their contents, and two of them destroying large public garages, entailing a loss in each case of approximately $40,000.

It is a very significant fact that not one of these fires was traced to the use of gasoline which had been guaranteed by the seller to be made from crude oil, all of the fires being caused from the use of gasoline that was known to be a product of natural gas, or gasoline that was sold by refiners who declined to guarantee that it was not made in part at least, from compressed natural gas.

The price of this gasoline compressed from natural gas is very low, and therefore there is considerable incentive to economize in this respect even at the expense of safety.

Gasoline refined from crude oil is far from a safe article, but it cannot be compared with the product of natural gas any more than ordinary rifle powder can be compared with nitroglycerine.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending April 13th, 1912:

Cheesman, Mr. Jacob.
Larson, Mr. Emil.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Subscribe for The Miner.

The Pierce-Arrow

Buffalo Product

A thorough study and test of the advantages of the Six Cylinder Motor, as compared with the Four, was responsible for the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company becoming one of the first manufacturers to place Six Cylinder cars on the market. The success of the first Models was such that it was soon decided to devote attention exclusively to the production of Six Cylinder cars, and this policy has been adhered to ever since. Success has not been merely a matter of the number of Cylinders, but rather the Six Cylinder motor car as designed and Constructed according to the Pierce-Arrow Standard.

Here Are the Prices

36 H. P., Six Cylinder Touring cars---4000
48 H. P., Six Cylinder Touring cars---5000
66 H. P., Six Cylinder Touring cars---6000

May and June Delivery

Pierce-Arrow Sales Co.

756 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

OIL REFINERY FIRE.

At 2 o'clock Monday morning the pump house of the Waverly Oil Works at Pittsburgh took fire from some unknown cause, and immediately communicated with the Agitators, all of which were destroyed.

Four firemen were injured by an explosion of vapor arising from an illuminating oil tank which became overheated on account of its proximity to the burning agitators.

The burned portion was in the very center of the plant, and in the insurance authorities consider it remarkable that the fire was confined to this small area, surrounded as it was by tanks containing petroleum products of every description. The flames were not extinguished until 1 o'clock Tuesday morning.

A rather remarkable incident was the saving of a tank containing almost 500 barrels of 76 gasoline, which was within less than fifty feet of the burning agitators, and directly in line of the flames.

The Waverly Oil Works Co. announces, however, that their business will not be interrupted in any way, and that they can fill all of their orders with their usual promptness.

WEDDED AT ITHACA.

Miss Idalia Pomeroy and Mr. James H. Smith Married on Monday.

The marriage of Miss Idalia Douglas Pomeroy of this city and James H. Smith of Emporium, Pa., was solemnized at noon to-day at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emma I. Pomeroy of 501 North Tioga street. The ceremony which was performed by the Rev. Henry Pomeroy Horton, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, was witnessed by a small party of relatives and friends.

The bride was gowned in white embroidered marquisette with white veil and orange blossoms and carried bride's roses. Her small niece, Katherine I. Pomeroy, as flower girl, was her only attendant. The bride was given away by her brother, Mark M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany, Pa. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left this afternoon for Buffalo. They will reside in Emporium, Pa.—Ithaca Times.

ROOSEVELT AHEAD.

Bureau Claims 213 Instructed Delegates—Taft 83.

Washington, April 17.—The Roosevelt bureau announced to-night that up to this time 213 delegates have been instructed for the Colonel, 83 for Taft, 4 for Cummins, 36 for La Follette, 118 uninstructed and 160 in contest.

Indications are that a number of southern delegate delegations which instructed for Taft will soon be on the Roosevelt band wagon. Daily conferences are held at the White House and untiring efforts are being put forward to hold these delegates in line.

Postmaster General Hitchcock, the only man in Mr. Taft's official family, who has any influence in the south, is still sulking in his tent. All the other cabinet members sent into the field have proved failures and unless some can be made to save the President his friends admit that his hopes for re-nomination are extremely likely to be blasted.

Usefulness Is Better Than Frills.

It is a fine thing to personally train up a boy in the way he should go, and not rely too much on the guidance of higher education. We know a happy father whose 18-year-old son has just given up college in order to devote his time to keeping the family touring car in condition.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Considerate.

At the time of King Edward's funeral a large crowd was assembled near Victoria station as King George was driving by to meet the kaiser. "Take off yer hat, Johnny," said a British workman to his small son, "fer this is the new king a-coming an' I wouldn't like 'im to think 'e wasn't wanted."—Success Magazine.

Charity Not There.

Our kind, our enthusiastic, our open-hearted acts should be individual, impulsive, sudden. When we begin to look ahead, and ask ourselves the consequences of a good deed, our little frightened spirit of charity flies out of the window.—Edmund Gosse.

Advertise in The Miner.

Wanted Fifty Young Men, 18 to 25 Years old, to qualify for office positions that pay $75 to $100 per month. Special rates to early applicants for next school year. Full particulars on request.
WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean N. Y

ORDER OF THE COURT.

And now, to-wit, February 29, 1912, it is ORDERED that the Regular Term of the Courts of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of the County of McKean heretofore fixed to be holden on the third day of June, 1912, that being the first Monday of June, 1912, continue for one more week in addition to the week provided by said original order. Said additional week to commence on the second Monday of June, 1912, that being the tenth day of June, 1912.

And it is further ORDERED that a venire issue to the Sheriff and Jury Commissioners to empanel and the said Sheriff to summon sixty persons to serve as petit jurors in said Courts of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for said additional week.

And it is further ORDERED that notice of the holding of said additional week be given by publication of this order in the McKean County Miner and the Bradford Daily Era once a week for three weeks during the month of April, 1912.

J. W. BOUTON, P. J.

McKean County, ss:
1912, Feby. 29th, from the Record.
FRANK R. FOSTER, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., April 1, 1912.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership organized and existing under and by virtue of an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Penna., approved the 9th day of May, A. D. 1899, P. L. 261, under the firm name and style of the "Smethport Land and Improvement Company, Limited," as appears of record in the Recorder's office of McKean county, at Smethport in Miscellaneous Book "W," page 263, was dissolved on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1912, by a vote of the majority in number and interest of those who in the above-mentioned date instituted said partnership. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by Guy H. McCoy, Secretary and all demands on such partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

Smethport, Pa., March 12, 1912.-6t.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 96 6-10 acres on Pierce Brook in Keating township, known as the Joe McGill place. Price $2000. Terms cash.

JOHN FORREST,
Smethport, Pa.

3-21-tf